THE EPISTLE OF THE LORD, TO HIS BRIDE, VPON her Creation.

Sam: Hall

SPIRITVAL LEGACIE *for the Right Honorable, the* Lord STRANGE.

WRITTEN,
By *Augustine Taylor*, Preacher, and Minister, at *Hawarden* in *Flint-shire.*

LONDON,
Printed by *Nicholas Okes.* 1623.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE IAMES, Lord *Strange*, &c. The moſt *hopefull Heire, of the* Spotleſſe, Auncient, and *Illuſtrious Houſe of* DERBY.

My good Lord:

THere is a Royall marriage to beheld,
In the Mount Syon *(that God loues ſo well,)*
It was determin'd in the dayes of eld,
And now's at hand, and I am charg'd to tell,
Some noble friends, to th'end they may prouide,
T'attend the nuptialls of the Lambe and's Bride;
To be made members of it: therefore I
My office and my ſeruice, both t'approue
Towards God, and you giues this to teſtifie,
In chaines of duty, and vnfained loue,
I'm bound ſo faſt (It ſhall be vnderſtood;)
I cannot, mooue (except to do you good,)

The Epiſtle Dedicatory.

I come t'inuite your Honor to a feaſt,
That's heauenly, holy, happy, and ne'er ends,
You are elected as a proper gueſt:
Nobillity, vertue, honor, are thoſe friends
Muſt grace the nuptialls, the bad muſt be gone,
Good will haue good aſſociats, or elſe none.
My Lord I know you, and I know y'are ſtor'd,
With wiſedome, learning, bounty, beauty, loue,
Humillity, piety, grace, a compleate Lord,
Your merits vow to build your ſeate aboue,
Your foes on earth with grace; and (ſayth the ſtory)
Mercy will build your ſeate in Heauen with glory.
I haue a licence from the greateſt power,
To build a lantherne for the Kingdomes ſight,
And vpon ſtately Lathams eagle Tower,
I thus preſume to place it, to giue light
Vnto the preſent, and the future time,
Of the true worth of Derbyes *Prince-like line:*
Keepe you it in repaire, and you ſhall proue,
I owe you life, although I pay but loue.

A ſeruant, at your Honorable
diſpoſition,

Auguſtine Taylor.

TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFVL Sr. *Iohn Hanmer* Knight, and Baronet, &c.

Right Worſhipfull:

EAch other blaſt brings miſery or death,
Theſe nether-lands nurſe nought but diſcontent,
No good that happens riſeth from beneath,
Pleaſures indeede that are not permanent,
Are borne, and buried heare, and perfects ſight
No more then lightning doth in darke ſome night.
Now that your ayme may be at better things,
I onely ayme, and do beſeech you ſeeke,
That Heauenly quire where Dauid *ſits and ſings.*
The Maiſter as 'twere in Gods ſecond weeke,
Which is an endleſſe world to gaine that glory,
Obſerue theſe lines, th'are from the ſacred ſtory.

Your Worſhips truely deuoted,

Auguſtine Taylor.

Peter Moſſe his Lenuoy *to the Author. A. T.*

KInde friend behold a hopefull miſterie,
In both thy names inwrapt, there ſeemes to bee,
For as S. *Auguſtine* with pious loue,
In former time, (mens ignorance t'reproue)
Did teach and preach the Goſpell and did turne,
The hearts of Kings, (faire *Brittaines* Iles adorne)
To become Chriſtians: And behind his deedes
In print are left, to helpe vs in our needes.
Now I thy friend the boldlier diuine,
Becauſe thou art another *Auguſtine*,
Or rather in the word that ſtrengthn'd lies,
Taylor which is, and which ſo much implyes:
For thy diſcerning iudgment hath diſcride,
Oracles of truth, not ought is left aſide;
But is produc'd; and for the nuptiall feaſt
Hath ſhapt this garment, worthi'ſt for the beſt.
And as it's fram'd all by thy curious hand,
Euerlaſtingly a monument ſhall ſtand,
That neither time, nor enuy, can deface,
Out laſting life, and to thy life a grace.

Your moſt aſſured,

Peter Moſſe.

TO THE RIGHT VVorſhipfull, Sr. *Roger Moſtin*, *Knight*, &c.

Right Worthy:

AS it did pleaſe your moſt religious eares,
To heare me lately, I do now intreate
Your gracious eyes to view my labours. feares
And pious paſſions in me are growne greate,
Becauſe I ſee times barke ſo fraught with woes,
The world is not ſo full of men as foes.
Tanoyd the worſt that woes and foes can do,
Climbe Iacobs *ladder with Celeſtiall thoughts*
Now onely ſtudy to aſcend vnto
The Lambe in Syon that ſo dearely bought's:
My prayers ſhall be for your blis aboue,
And for my ſervice, I intreate your loue.

Your Worſhips to be commanded,

Auguſtine Taylor.

IN LAVDEM OPERIS ET AVthoris, Amici mei Auguſtini Taylor.

SAint *Auguſtine*, thou here doſt immitate,
Mouing our minds on God to meditate;
(Taylor) a Taylor diuine, for th'aſt wrought
Thy worke ſo faultleſſe, that there is not ought
Correction worthy: Not a critticke tongue,
Dares belch a word againſt thy Hymen ſong,
Sung as by Chriſt, inuiting to his feaſt
And Nuptials him, who liſts to be his gueſt.
(Reader) our Taylors full reward is this,
That to thy ſoule, his labours adde a bliſſe;
And with a wedding garment faire to cloath thee,
That th'Bridegroome ſay nor, friend begon I loath thee:
He ſeemeth here as'twere to take a meaſure,
Of Heauens high incomprehended pleaſure:
The worlds obſtickles he here preſſeth downe,
And cankred ſinne cuts off; wherefore let none
That reads, but cloath his mind, that th'Author know,
His workes do make vs more and more to know,
Incouraging his free and painefull quill,
To pen our more and further profit ſtill;
And worthy Author, let this be a meane,
That in another harueſt we may gleane,
This being ſo lik'd, prays'd, allow'd, grac'd, lou'd,
Accepted, honour'd, thank'd, read, and approu'd.

IOANNES RVSSELL.

The Argvment.

Isr'ells *forgetfulneſſe is ſhow'd,*
Her firſt eſtate diſcry'd;
The bounties of the Lord beſtow'd,
The beauties of the Bride.

ONce more, from Heauen to earth, from me to thee,
From God to *Iacobs* great poſteritie.
Oh that thy greatneſſe were with goodneſſe mixt?
Thy ſinnes are ſo continu'd, that betwixt
I ſee no vertues plac'd, what if there were
Of twenty dayes together, no day cleare?
But ſtuff'd with ſtormy weather? Earth would be
Bold to taxe Heauen with meere Tyranie:
Shall not I then complaine 'gainſt *Iſraell*,
That ſpends ſo many dayes and not one well?
It's griefe to me, that I haue vnderſtood,
So many acts together, and none good:
Open thy eares to heare, thy heart to heede,
My eyes are full of dew, my lockes doth bleede:
Could droppes that night's accuſtom'd to diſtill,
Vpon diſpiſed louers; yet my will,
Wils thee no puniſhment for this neglect,
I onely waite to ſee thy more reſpect,

Vnto my patience, for my long attending;
My eyes are fill'd with teares at thy offending:
I would not ſee thy faults, I would not ſtrike,
Nor ſhew my Iuſtice vpon her, I like
Vengeance I ſent to *Egypt*, there to dwell,
Peace I prepar'd to ſtay in *Iſraell*;
Iudgement I doom'd to dye with *Caine*, in *Nod*,
Mercy I meant ſhould liue with *Sem* in *God*:
I wiſh it ſo, regard, and thou ſhall prooue,
My actions all do manifeſt my loue;
Mans lou's vnſtable, like to mans eſtate,
But where I once affect I neuer hate.
Thinke on thy paſt, thy preſent, thy future tenſe,
And tell me who hath beene thy beſt defence?
Who is it? or who will be? *Abram's* dead,
Iſaack and *Iacob*, left the field and fled,
So did thy friends, ſo did thy father and mother;
As death doth fetch one, nature brings another,
To keepe earth in repaire, vntill there come,
The members of my Bride all knit in one.

Th'art

Th'art now ſhip-like, ſtill flitting, reſtleſſe, and
Floting in miſeries on this nether-land,
And cannot anchor yet, but ſhall land at
The Mount aboue th' *Armenian* ararat.
I know thy poore Barke is in danger ſtill,
Betwixt the promiſ'd good, and preſent ill;
My *Bethels* plenties, and thy *Babels* wants,
Drawes thee as Iron, caſt amongſt Adamants.
Yet know if thou like *Lots* wife wauer do,
Thou'll looſe the City and the Mountaine too.
Fergetfull loue, I muſt firſt ſend to thee,
That thou ſhewes theſe ſignes of diſloyalty:
I do not take it well, thou art ſo ſlow,
That thankes for all the bleſſings I beſtow,
Is yet vntruely payd. Now I could chide,
But it becomes not me to vſe my bride
Diſcurteouſly; I'ld not be angry yet,
My loue to thee, commands me not forget
My patience; therefore arme thy ſelfe with haſt,
The dayes of peace, will ſoone be ouer-paſt.
Hearken my ſpouſe, I haue ſome things to tell,
Concernes the health and wealth of *Iſrael*;

I do remember thee euen from that day,
Thou lay vnſhapen in a lumpe of clay,
Voyd of forme, life, and beauty, I begun,
Then to behold the workes that I had done,
In number many, and in faſhion faire,
T'adorne the earth, and beautifie the Ayre:
I bleſt them all with order, then I meant
To make ſome pretious peece more excellent
Then all the reſt, and to place that aboue,
And make that chiefe, and that ſhould be my loue;
And that I would preferre, and raiſe to honor,
And that ſhould be my bride, and ſtill vpon her
Angels ſhould waite: And this is my decree,
What wrongs are done to her, as done to me,
Shall be reueng'd. Thou art this Bride I ſay,
"And all I promiſe I haue power to pay:
Let all thy enemies thinke on't, my intent's
"That all like faults ſhall feele like puniſhments.
Thee (pretious peece) when I did meane to make,
With care, and loue, I thus in hand did take:

Let

Let vs make man, of other things I ſayd,
Let there be ſuch, and they were form'd and made;
The Earth, the Seas, the Ayre, the Fire and all,
That's made in or vpon this neather-ball,
The Starres, and Lights aboue, the Moone, and Sunne:
I did but ſpeake the Word, and theſe were done,
And they were well done; but when I apply'd,
My powre and skill ro frame my ſelfe a Bride,
I made thee matchleſſe thus, pure, faire, and free,
The bleſſed Heire of Immortalitie:
I'ue made thee wiſe, becauſe true wiſedome ſhould,
Shew like a Ruby in refined gold,
And lodge in Princes breaſts: I'ue made thee ſtrong,
To vanquiſh all thy foes, that thou a long,
Through *Iordans* flood to *Syloes* ſtreame may paſſe,
And that as farre as Diamond doth glaſſe:
Thou may exceede the reſt, Truth did entreate,
That in thy breaſt ſhe might poſſeſſe a ſeate,
And ſhe ſhall keepe it, for to, keepe thee free,
From flattering, lying, and hypocriſie,

From enuy, error, and the worſt, that ſoe
Thy ſubſtance may be better then thy ſhowe.
The clod I made thee of, was clay, the time
When th'earth was in her nonage, in her prime,
When water, earth, and ayre, were ſtor'd with plenties,
With ſeuerall ſorts of many ſeuerall deuties.
The place where thou receiu'd thy firſt eſtate,
Was neere to *Eden*, yet without the gate:
But I did bring thee *Inn*, and did decree,
What I had done ſhould be to honor thee,
And thou ſhall rule as chiefe, thy rule ſhall ſtand.
I haue commanded all for thy command.
Conſider, thy ſtate doth all elſe excell,
To haue a being and a being well,
Both argues power and mercy in the hand,
Of the great worke-man; thou mayſt vnderſtand,
In this laſt act apparantly doth reſt,
The difference betweene the man and beaſt;
Powerfull, and pittifull, thou ſhalt me proue,
Sure I thinke, thou thinkes I deſerue thy loue,

Do not miſtake my loue, 'tis pure and free,
And thine's deffectiue both in qualitie,
And in condition: If the price were layd,
In ballance 'gainſt the purchaſe, 'twould be ſayd,
That I haue made a looſers match, but ſtill
"Power may performe, and want may only will.
What euer faults are thine, if thou repent,
My pleaſure is in mercy, my intent
Intends thy ioy, my loue is ſetled ſo,
"I had rather giue ten bleſſings, then one blow.

FINIS.

T
O

C

THE EPISTLE OF THE LORD TO *his Bride, vpon her Election.*

A

Cæleſtiall legacy, for the vſe of the Honorable Sr. *Thomas Sauage, and his noble Lady.*

Written,
By *Auguſtine Taylor* Preacher at *Hawarden.*



LONDON,
Printed by *Nicholas Okes.* 1623.

TO THE HONORABLE, Sr. *Thomas Sauage* Knight, and *Barronet, one of the Prince his highneſſe Priuy Councell, &c.*

AND TO HIS MOST NOBLE Lady, the Lady *Sauage*, Daughter, and *heire to the Right Honorable, the Lord* DARCY, *&c.*

Truely Honorable,

AS two great riuers, when in one they meete,
Makes faire and fruitfull all the neighbouring lands,
Euen ſo our Country (when you too did greete,)
Felt ſtrength and comfort by your claſping hands,
Your bounties, plenties, beauties, wit, and loue,
Makes both your Honors, to ſhine wondrous bright,
In Court and Country; and me firſt did moue,
At your faire lampes, to gine my candle light.
And ſince you loue the pious life of grace,
I'm bold to bring this ſacrifice to you:
It is diuine and therefore claimes a place,
In your great boſſomes. Truth ſayth 'tis her due,

To

The Epistle Dedicatory.

To lodge in the best roomes of euery breſt,
Yea euen in Princes, for becauſe it brings,
Th'externall ioy, and the internall reſt,
Truths life, and Honor, and rewards makes kings
Of meane men; and this part which I preſent
Vnto your Honors, is Iehouahs *voyce,*
Deſcending to our terrenee continent:
Vpon th'election of his Bride, (his choyce;)
Wonder not why I write, you are the ſunne
To Cheſters neighbours, 'mongſt whom I'm a ſtarre:
(Though dim) and therefore I ſhould haue begunne,
To tender my affection ſooner (farre)
Since your faire Country is my friendly nurſe,
I owe this loue vnto your Noble neſt,
What treaſure I enioy, I will diſburſe,
To make both loue and ſeruice manifeſt:
For you if I can write, or Preach, or pray,
Command me freely, for indeede you may.

At your Honors Command
in the ſeruice of GOD.

Auguſtine Taylor.

The Argvment.

The Soule's the Bride, and least she swerue,
Or erre in any act:
The Lord his Syon *(to conserue)*
Doth to his sonne contract.

MY dearest loue, Oh that thou had the wings
Of true affection! Loue that's fit for Kings
Ought to be pure and lasting; then be wise,
Prouide to offer, since the sacrifice,
I manifest vnto thee, man prouide,
Or loose, the honor to be call'd my Bryde:
I call'd thee Bride, stay! Did I not mistake?
Did I not erre, a man a Bride to make?
No, no, I did not, I did fall in loue,
With my owne Image, and I must approue
My proper seate is in the soule confin'd,
My Image in the beauty of the mind,
And in the vpright heart did first appeare:
Some seeke me in the flesh, I am not there,
But in some little measure, for to showe,
Man is the principall of things belowe:
And whereas other Creatures view the earth,
In mourning wise, yet man with ioy and mirth,

Beholds

Beholds the Heauens, by which it doth appeare,
He's but a traueller, and hath no home here.
My Image in the ſoule doth fayreſt ſhine,
Thy better part is made a ſpouſe of mine,
Therefore my Prophets haue baptiz'd thee thus
In Scripture, *iſtua*, not *filius*,
For *Iſraels* off-ſpring muſt a daughter be,
A marriage was fore-told 'twixt thee and me;
And thou and I muſt make the match, becauſe
No part muſt periſh of my Fathers lawes,
But with my will his will ſhall ſtill be done,
I will diſcharge the duties of a Sonne:
It was his will I ſhould wed in the line
Of *Abraham*, and it is onely mine;
His gracious eyes delights in lowly obiects,
"A King may chooſe his Queene among his ſubiects.
He hath done ſo, and *anima credentis*,
Is now created. *ſponſa redimentis*:
Reioyce in thy eſtate, for thou art rich,
Thou hath no equall, there's no other ſuch,

Although

Although the Queenes and Concubines be many,
And daughters numberleſſe; yet there's not any,
Can boaſt to be Iehouahs onely loue,
But onely thou, his vndefiled doue.
Dauid did thinke it was a matchleſſe thing,
To be a ſonne in law t'an earthly King,
Being by birth ſo meane, by office poore;
Haſt thou forgotten thy eſtate before,
I made a roome for thee in my affection,
My pitty mixt with loue made an election,
Of thee 'mongſt many millions: I'l tell thee,
Thou may not boaſt thee of thy pedegree,
Thy birth was poore, and baſe, but I I ſpeake low,
I would not haue thy enemies to know:
But thus I found thee truely to recite,
The wretched childe of a poore *Amorite*,
An *Hittite* to thy mother, and in thy kinne,
No ſparke of innocence, but ſhame and ſinne;
Thou lay contemned in the field vnknowne,
Laught at by ſtrangers, left of by thy owne;

Diſtilling

Diſtilling teares on deſolations lappe,
No nurſe but ſorrow from whoſe cold dry pappe,
Nothing but miſery iſſu'd, thou was found
Lapt in the ragges of woe, and well-nie drownd,
In thy polluted, ſinfull, filthy blood:
Thy friends were fled, and all that ſtayd but ſtood,
To witneſſe thy diſgrace, and view thy ſhame:
When I ſaw this I meant to come, and came,
And found thee ſtriuing in a fearefull trance,
Sicke to the death of ſinne and ignorance,
And when, I ſaw thee thou begun to tell,
I change thy name from *Iacob* t' *Iſrael*,
And promiſ'd thee preferment, 'tis moſt true,
And though thou euer left vndone thy due,
My promiſes ſhall ſtand, in my compaſſion,
A pardon's out to free thee from tranſgreſſion:
I waſht thee white, and with the oyle of grace,
I fill'd thy heart, and beautifi'd thy face,
Thy eares with iewels riche, I did adorne,
A chaine of gold about thy necke was worne:

Thy

Thy breaſt with pearles was deckt, thy backe with ſilke,
Thy ſoule with oyle was cool'd, thy mouth with milke,
With fineſt flower, thou waſt moſt prince-like fed,
With pureſt gold thy head was honored:
Thy fame (throughout the ſpacious world was blowne,
Who ſought thy ouer-throw was ouer-throwne.
And ſo it ſhall be ſtill, ſince I did chooſe thee,
I will not ſuffer any to abuſe thee;
For thy aduancement I haue done great things,
I'ue Scepter'd Shepheards, and vncrowned Kings:
My loue haue cauſ'd all lands t'ring thy renowne,
I'ue ſet vp Lazars, and throwne *Cæſars* downe,
To make the heathen know, I did elect,
Her that from all their rage I could protect;
And can, thou art my choyce, and as 'tis meete,
I'll force thy foes to worſhip at thy feete.
The ſcarlet Ocean ſhall it ſelfe diuide,
And thou ſhalt go, where *Pharoh* cannot ride,
That king ſhall know he hath a King, that ſhall
Command him, and his *Ægypt*, and his all.

I ſayd thou ſhould come home, I meant no leſſe,
In ſpite of waters, and of wilderneſſe,
Thou cameſt, and thereupon a publicke voyce,
Fill'd euery eare, and ſayd thou was my choyce;
Report ſayd true, for by my free election,
There's noe roome, but for thee in my affection.
So graciouſly I'le vſe thee, thou ſhalt ſay,
"Both Heauen and earth ſmil'd on our wedding day,
Angels ſhall ioy to thinke on't, Saints ſhall ſing,
Such ſongs as beſt may pleaſe thee and thy King:
Conſider well how dearely I thee wonne,
Remember all my loue and ſeruice done,
That thou in holineſſe might kiſſe my lips,
I ſeru'd (like *Iacob*) ſeuerall prentiſhips,
I got my *Rachel*, *Laban* tooke his *lea*
And *tota pulchra es amica mea:*
To make thee ſuch conſider what it coſt,
My time and toyle, I know ſhall not be loſt,
For thou art wiſe, the heathen and the rude,
Shall beare the burthen of ingratitude.

I told thee what I'ue done, not to vpbraid thee
With any benifits, but to perſwade thee:
I thinke all well beſtow'd that I haue giuen,
And in my ſtore-houſe, (by my throne) in Heauen
I haue ſuch ſtore, I'le ſend thee to the earth,
To ſerue thee to thy buriall, from thy birth;
And after both (beleeue my ſacred ſtory)
I'le Queene thee with a Crowne of life, and glory.

FINIS.

T
O

H

THE EPISTLE OF THE LORD TO *his Bride, upon her Vocation.*

A

Holy legacy, bequeathed to the *Right Honorable, the Counteſſe of* Mountgomery.

Written,
By *Auguſtine Taylor* Preacher at *Hawarden.*

LONDON,
Printed by *Nicholas Okes.* 1623.

TO THE MOST NOBLE LADY, A BRANCH OF *the auncient and illustrious house of* Oxford) the Right Honorable, SUSAN, *Countesse of* Mountgomery, *Grace, and Glory.*

Thrice Honorable Lady,

VEre euer loued veritas so well,
And to all vertues gaue such countenance,
That sacred truth for euer vowes to dwell,
In your Breast to be safe from ignorance,
Enuy, and error; and hath warned me,
That where I find vere, challenge there to be
A lodging due to her, (I 'dmir'd) and then
Shee sayd to me (as Christ did to the men
He sent to fetch the asse) if they refuse,
The fauours I intreate, make thou but vse,
Of my name vnto them with mild regard,
And thou shalt find my lodging straight prepar'd.
Great Lady with great reuerence I present,
To your Religious view, and gracious eyes
A legacy, a Heauenly ornament,
With the Messias pleas'd to sacrifice,

The Epistle Dedicatory.

And send vnto his spouse, to moue her, come
To warne her, call her, and command her home,
Vnto his Heauen; I wish you would accept
My loue and seruice, and this offering take,
As Princes do Imbassadours respect,
Not for their owne, but for their maisters sake:
I am ordain'd Gods messenger, t'intreat,
His chosen number to his Heauenly feast.
And you both being truely good and great,
Hath a faire seate prepar'd among the blest,
Your pious bounties, princely beauties, and
Religious wisedome, (which is honors nurse.)
Are guides to lead you vnto Gods right hand;
And likewise motiues caused me disburse,
My loue and seruice in this measure: take it,
My worke's Diuine, and my free will doth make it
A perfect offring, t'helpe 'gainst death and doombe,
Regard this frame, for't will out-last your toombe.

Willing and ready to do your Honor the best seruice, that is in the power of

Augustine Taylor.

The Argvment.

The Bride is call'd from all the Iles,
To come and ſcape her woe;
And heares the curſes and the ſmiles,
Belongs to come, and goe.

IF my affection would thereto conſent,
I would be ſilent, th'art ſo lewdly bent,
And ſhewes ſo little reuerence to my word:
That iuſtice tels me ſilence will afford
Me more content; and her it will appeare,
That I ſtill ſpeake to her, that ſcornes to heare.
But yet be not too deaffe, leaſt vengeance cloud
Deſcend vpon thee, and then ſpeake ſo loud:
It change thy deafeneſſe into death, then heare,
And if thou canſt not loue it's good to feare.
Now thy creation and election done,
My onely care is to procure thee come:
Euen as a wiſeman doth, (that wants a wife)
Seeke vp and downe where beauties are moſt rife,
And after ſeeking, finds, and finding loues,
And louing, bids her home, and daily moues,
Till ſhe be mou'd to come, then ſuite doth ceaſe,
And they together liue in loue and peace:

So

So I did ſeeke thee firſt, and found thee then,
And lik'd and lou'd thee woundrous well, and when
All this was done I did intreate thee home,
And vſ'd the meekeſt meanes to cauſe thee come;
Solemnely I haue bidden thee, do not ſtay,
Ariſe, my loue, my faire one, come thy way:
Remember, who inuites thee, he that brings
Honor to beggars, and contempt to Kings.
Vnto thine enemies, and the heathen foe,
A wofull portion fals, a curſed goe:
In mercy and loue I come and ſend to thee,
With mildneſſe, meekeneſſe, and much clemencie;
I call thee friendly in theſe dayes of peace,
I prethee arme thy ſelfe, theſe calmes will ceaſe,
And ſtormes will follow: thou ſhouldſt vnderſtand,
Pleaſure and ſorrow ſtill goes hand in hand.
The Sunne will leaue thee, and runne out of ſight,
Warre chaſeth peace, as darkneſſe chaſeth light:
The time ſhall come that man and beaſt ſhall mourne,
Mountaines ſhall tumble, and the ſeas ſhall burne,

The morning ſhall looke red, as if it woo'd
Tell vs the euening ſhould be dyed in blood:
The moone ſhall view thee with a ſcarlet face,
Dabl'd in clouds, and ſtumbling in her pace;
The gliſtering ſtarres ſhall ceaſe and periſh all,
For ſome ſhall be put out, and ſome ſhall fall:
The Sunne in ſable ſhall come ſadly forth,
A greater plague them from the bitter north,
God did e're ſend, ſhall from each coaſt appeare
Farre worſe then *Egypt* when the plagues were there.
Theſe lower-lands ſhall looke, each blaſt ſhall bring,
Shot or elſe powder, towards the ruining
Of new built *Babel's*, for it muſt be knowne,
"*Bethel's* her owners, *Babel's* but her owne:
She ſits aboue now, (thou knowes if thou know her)
But all her pompe ſhall end, none ſhall ſit lower.
A time ſhall come, (come loue before it come)
Each harpe ſhall ſilent be, each *Dauid* dumbe;
Both Heauen and earth together ſhall conſpire,
To ſend out vengeance lapt in balles of fire,

And they ſhall buſt, and vtter from within,
Death and deſtruction, due rewards for ſin.
Millions of dayes thy God for mercy made,
And in thoſe dayes my care is to perſwade,
And worke my loues returne, before it be
Too late to ſaue thy ſelfe, and honor me.
One day I haue appointed for to bring,
All kin dreds of the earth t'a reckoning,
The Monarch, and the King, the Prince, and Peere,
The Statſ-man and the Tradſ-man ſhall be there:
All ſorts and ſects I'le call, and bring as farre,
As ſhines the arcticke and th'antarcticke ſtarre,
Not one ſhall faile to come at my command,
Whether they dy'd vpon the ſea, or land:
Yea euery one ſhall that one day appeare,
And 'mongſt thoſe all not one ſhall want one haire;
Then I my ſelfe will come, in th'eyes of man,
As like a Lyon, as I was a Lambe,
With more attendants glorious and bright,
Then Heauen ſhewes ſtarres in a cleare freezing night,

Then

Then *Michaels* trumpet ſhall command the dead,
To riſe and come, and leaue their drowſie bed,
T'appeare before a righteous Iudge, for then,
Then he ſhall ſit to Iudge, that can condemne,
And iuſtifie, th'outward, and th'inward man,
According to deſerts, I will, and can:
But theſe two parts in men do not agree,
Therefore they wrong themſelues, and iniure me;
But I will come, and I will haue regard,
To all that euer lou'd me, my reward
I will bring with me, and it is moſt true,
I will beſtow on all eſtates their due.
Vnlike to earthly Princes; voyd of meaſure,
They deale their bounties onely for their pleaſure,
And turnes deſerts a begging: But looke to't,
Peaſants now ride, and Princes go on foot,
This order I will alter, and I'le giue,
All good things vnto all that purely liue.
Conſider thou muſt meete a Iudge, that brings
Life to wiſe Beggars, death to fooliſh Kings:

Come (and thy time to come to pleaſe me ſpend,)
O come before the dayes of mercy end:
For in the dayes of warre, there's peace for them,
That loues my *Syon*, my *Ieruſalem*;
Prouide thy lampe and oyle, for it may be,
I'le come at mid-night for to call on thee,
It may be at the firſt, or ſecond cocke,
Or in the morning, or at noone, or not
Vntill the euening, when I will not tell,
It's not for want of loue, I loue thee well;
And I conceale this from thee in regard,
Thou may expect me ſtill, and be prepar'd:
For come I will, and when I will, and how,
And ſudainely, and glorioufly, looke thou
T'attend my comming in thy beauty ſtand,
And I will leade thee home with my right hand,
And bring thee in, but ſhut without the gate,
All thoſe that lampleſſe come, and come too late.
I haue collected thee from many parts,
From *Europe*, *Aſia*, and the wild Deſarts,

Of Sun-burnt *Affricke*, from the plaines and woods,
From fields, and vallies, from the ſeas, as floods,
From north, and eaſterne coaſts, from eaſt, and weſt,
From th'hauen of troubles, to the hauen of reſt:
I haue call'd long, for my loue th'art in debt,
Come for it's late, O come! and welcome yet:
For feare thou be benighted haſt and runne,
I do beſeech thee, I command thee come:
Either for feare or loue I hope to ſee,
Thee ſeeke in ſeaſon for my companie;
Regard who cals, thy Lord, then do not ſtay,
A faithfull louer doth diſlike delay.

FINIS.

Of

THE EPISTLE OF THE LORD TC *his Bride, vpon her Preſeruation.*

A Diuine legacy, belonging to the Honorable, Sr. *Henry Salusbury, and his Noble Lady.*

Written,
By *Auguſtine Taylor* Preacher at *Hawarden.*

LONDON,
Printed by *Nicholas Okes.* 1623.

TO THE HONORABLE Sr. HENRY SALVSBVRY, Knight, and Barronet, &c. And his *Noble Lady* ELIZABETH, *Sister* to the Right Honorable, the Lord *Vaughan*, &c.

Truely Honorable.

IF your great bounties towards me may be guis,
With loue and seruice, I haue some such come,
Impress't thus with your names; make vse of it,
It doth the soules of Saints together toyne;
And Syons preseruation doth expresse,
And treats of nought but blisse and happinesse.
Prophane adulterous plots I do detest,
I ayme to please the soule and not the eye,
To call and summon euery Holy ghest,
To the Lambs nuptialls, is my pleasant toyle,

The Epiſtle Dedicatory.

My Patrons glory my pen onely ſeeker,
And moues no bluſhes in moſt modeſt cheekes.
Right noble Henry, *I do know your breſt*
Containes a ſpirit, that is not cantain'd
In ordinary limits; Honor's beſt,
Approu'd and honor'd, and her worth explain'd,
Being cloth'd with robes of purity moſt fit,
Lined with mercy, valour, grace, and wit:
Y'are Lord of theſe, I flatter not I know you,
And your good parts, I honor and admire,
For all your loue and fauours more I owe you;
And what I do not do, I do deſire,
I could do for your good: But I note ſtill,
Imperfect acts may riſe, from perfect will.
And (beſt deſerning) Lady you haue beene,
The Patroneſſe of my (yet infant) pen,
If theſe more mature workes you do eſteeme,
And countenance: I'le vrge both times and men,

To

The Epiſtle Dedicatory.

To keepe your name alive, free from the dead,
So long as Engliſh ſhall be ſpoke or read:
My pen, my ſacred muſe, and ſweeteſt breath.
Shall honor Henry, *and* Elizabeth.
God guide, protect, direct, and loue you ſtill,
And ſend you good, vntill I wiſh you ill.

Your Honors, in all holy duty,
and Humaine loue,

Auguſtine Taylor.

THE ARGVMENT.

T'helpe Isr'els faults, some good men strmes
But cannot make amends:
Iustice and truth her fast contrmes,
Then mercy makes them friends.

HEare more my choice, and thou shal more conceiue,
Go not, for her I loue I would not leaue,
Why should we part? no, no, it must not be,
And if we euer do it's long of thee,
No fault of mine: thou ought'st to vnderstand,
I mildly do intreate that may command;
But rigour fits not Princes, (hatefull thing,)
"Base cruelty did ne're become a King,
Milde patience, potency hath euer lou'd,
The Monarch would not, Momus will be mou'd,
Meeke clemency with Princes euer rides,
Danid's at Musicke, diuelliſh *Doeg* chides:
So some may do, and may vndoe and doth,
"Some things at once are done and vndone both:
Compassion should in greatnesse beare great sway,
"Mercy in Kings shines like the Sunne in day,
My mercy thou hast found, It hath found thee,
And brought more blessings then dim eyes can see,

Or hearts of men conceiue,not thy creation,
Chooſing collection,troubleſome vocation,
Was all the charges I for thee disburſt;
Thy limmes were ſoundeſt,but thou trauel'd worſt;
And left my wayes to wander in thy owne,
Thy heathen neighbours that haue ſcarcely knowne,
Thy beauties by report,much wonder ſtill,
To ſee ſo faire a creature do ſo ill:
When I ſaw thus thou had thy ſelfe forgot,
And other nations that I loued not,
Reioyce in th'diſgrace, I knew ſome paine
Muſt be perform'd,to waſh thee white againe,
So foule was thy complection, ſome did ſee,
That the whole peece of blacke impurity,
Was all Imploy'd to make thy coaſt; ſad *Iob*
Deſires to waſh thy ſpotted ſinnefull rob
In his ſnow-water,and he brings it in,
But 't was not that could ſend away thy ſin:
So *Iob* miſtaken his indeauours reſt,
He's worthy thankes(good man) he did his beſt,

But could not make thee better, *Aaron* then,
The firſt and chiefe of (earthly) holy men,
Puts on his rich attire, and meanes to bring,
A ſacrifice vnto his Lord and King:
Prouides his alter, and with reuerent feare,
Calues, goates, and pigeons, he doth offer there;
And to make an attonement for thy good,
My prieſt, and alter, were both di'd in blood,
Actions that in ſome meaſure did perſwade,
But there was other off'rings to be made,
Of better value and of greater price:
Good *Dauid* friendly brought his ſacrifice,
And that was Iſop water, and with that,
His meaning was to waſh away thy ſpot;
He did his beſt, but's beſt did not remoue
Thy ſinne, but onely manifeſt his loue,
Aaron, and *Iob*, and *Dauid*, lou'd thee well,
Yet notwithſtanding they did (partly) dwell
At the vaine-labour, their workes went to wracke,
"They waſht the Moore, and he was ſtill more blacke.

Angels deſcend and moues *Bethesdas* lake,
And yet the long-ſicke man no ſhift could make,
To make his ſorrowes ceaſe: theſe are but toyes,
Or rather types of price, of better ioyes:
A faire oblation muſt amend theſe foule,
"A ſpotleſſe blood, muſt make a ſpotleſſe ſoule.
No other offering can diſsolue offence,
But luke warme-blood of harmeles Innocence;
When man had ſinn'd, and ſinne had wrought the fall
Of *Adam*, *Heuah*, and their ſeede, and all
Borne betweene the worlds birth and funerall,
God granted a Commiſſion to theſe two,
Iuſtice and Truth, and theſe ſhould ſay and do:
And in the high Court, on this high Commiſſion,
Theſe two were ſet, and making inquiſition,
How man that was ſo good became ſo ill,
And finding that he fell by his owne will,
Affirm'd no puniſhment could be too much
For's voluntary treſpaſſe, and begins,
"To whip man willingly for willing ſinnes;

And

And by decree in that high Court conſents,
That wilfull faults, with wofull punishments
Shall be rewarded. Is the law ſo ſore,
For taſting but one apple 'mongſt ſuch ſtore?
'The ſmalleſt faults done wittingly are great,
'Sinnes done at vnawares ſhall pardon get,
Sinnes worthy pardon mournes, and knowes no mirth,
And but begins conception after birth.
Sinnes worthy death are thoſe that mourning ſcorne,
Thoſe that are firſt conceiu'd, and after borne,
When Truth and Iuſtice doom'd thy death for ſinne,
Mercy came ſorrowfull and ſadly in;
Her body trembl'd, and her head hung downe,
Vpon her backe ſhe wore a long white gowne,
Her hands were lifted vp, her eyes were weeping,
Her woes were waking, and her ioyes were ſleeping,
Her knees were bended begging thy offence,
They would iudge hers and with ſuch reuerence,
She ſpoke in thy behalfe (with ſuch reſpect)
That (as I liue) a Tyrant would haue wept:

She had a palme, but bore it very low,
And careleſly, becauſe ſhe did not know
How ſhe ſhould ſpeede, and humbly thus preferres,
Her plaint before the high Commiſſioners.
The iuſt Commiſſioners ſomething mou'd to ſee,
So faire a Princeſſe beg ſo earneſtly,
Another pardon: ſadly anſwer'd thus,
That one muſt die, it is decreed by vs:
If thou canſt make amends for *Adams* fall,
His faults we'll bury at thy funerall:
And yet we cannot thus the man forgiue,
For if thou ſhould die he cannot liue;
But this we'll tollerate if thou can get,
A Prince to looſe his life for ſubiects det.
Our God is pleaſ'd to *Eden* he ſhall come,
And thus the loſt ſonne may be welcome home.
Thinke with thy ſelfe, ſpeake with thy Prince and try,
Thy Prince muſt fall, or man and men muſt dye.
Mercy being anſwer'd, ſate her downe and wept,
And being full of ſorrow would haue kept

Her ſelfe vnſeene, I ſee her ſtept in,
And for her comfort I did thus begin:
Sweete Lady be not ſorrowfull, I am he,
Will pay the debt and end all miſery,
Be not amaz'd the great Kings ſonne am I,
A Prince that will not let his mercy die:
I'le dye to giue thee life, and thou ſhall reſt,
Henceforth for euer, in a Princes breſt;
And this I'le do to make an end of ſtrife,
With my owne death I'le purchaſe thee a life.

FINIS.

THE EPISTLE OF THE LORD TO *his Bride, vpon her Redemption.*

A

Spirituall legacy, for the Benifite of the Honorable Lady, the Lady *Gerreard.*

Written,
By *Augustine Taylor* Preacher at *Hawarden.*

LONDON,
Printed by *Nicholas Okes.* 1623.

TO THE NOBLE *Lady* Ellenor, *Lady* Gerrard, *wife to the late Honorable*, Gilbert, Lord *Gerrard*, &c.

Honorable Lady,

WHen sorrowes nights are ouer-past,
There followes ioyfull day,
Hapleſſe extreames can neuer laſt,
But flyes and poſts away,
To bring glad tidings in ſad times,
I hold it wondrous fit;
And ſo doth all our beſt diuines,
" And you may thinke of it.
I do preſent you with a gift,
Fit for a Princes hand:
Pray take it, 'tis the meanes to lift,
Soules to the holy land;
The full redemption of mankind,
I offer to your view,
A ſubiect to tranſlate the mind,
From th'old man to the new.

The Epiſtle Dedicatory.

I know you ſeeke Gods holy place,
And clothes you for his feaſt,
With pious loue, pureneſſe, and grace,
True zeale, and all the reſt,
Of thoſe rich garments faire and meete
For ſuch a Princes Court;
And doubtleſſe you ſhall one day ſee't,
Though now my by report,
Imperfectly you are but told,
Yet quickly you ſhall ſee,
In Syons City, (wall'd with gold,)
The Lambe in's Maieſtie:
Aduance your thoughts to heauenly things,
And you in the end ſhall ſoare
Vnto that Court, where's none but Kings,
Reioycing euer-more.

Your Honors deuoted, in any
Chriſtian office,

Auguſtine Taylor.

THE ARGVMANT.

The promiſed Meſſias *birth,*
Conquers hell, death, and ſinne;
*And t'*Eden *backe with mickle mirth,*
Brings Adam *and his kinne.*

IMmortall ſoule, and my elected Queene,
Though hitherto thou haſt moſt careleſſe beene
T'obſerue my will; yet now incline thy heart,
Or thou and I for euermore ſhall part:
See this epiſtle truely vnderſtood,
Read it with teares for it is writ with blood:
A pretious price is found to pay thy det,
A ſacrifice not ordinary to get,
For thou had but one God, God but one ſonne,
That ſonne one life, that life to death was done,
To bring old *Adam* backe to *Edens* blis,
And now learne what it coſt to finiſh this.
I(being promiſ'd) came, man did diſdaine me,
The world was proud and loſt to entertaine me:
My earthly mother had ſo poore a kinne,
She was deni'd a lodging in the Inne,
When night, and paine, and teares, and trauell tooke-her,
poore *Mary* was alone, and all forſooke-her,

Sighing and ſeeking, to find place for reſt,
And at the laſt a ſtable was the beſt,
That could be ſpar'd, this I had power to mend,
But I came rather like a lowly friend,
Then like a maiſter, and ſo cauſ'd it try'd,
"I came to ſhew my loue, and not my pryde:
My pathes were plaine, my cradle was a cratch,
I had no friends, none ſhew'd ſuch loue to watch
For my arriuall, the worlds loue was ſmall,
Mary was mother, mid-wife, nurſe, and all:
No coſtly robes, nor ſilkes, nor cloth of gold,
Prouided was to keepe me from the cold,
Nothing but poore attyre, and homely things,
Thus *Princeps Regum terræ* (King of Kings)
Begun his Lambe-like raigne: yea my pretence,
Was onely peace, my armor innocence:
I did not many nights in ſafety nappe,
Vpon my louing mothers lowly lappe,
But warning came, I muſt to *Ægypt* flee,
Herod was mou'd, and making ſearch for mee,

And I muſt runne or die, for his intent's
To waſh his hands in blood of innocence,
The time wherein he did the infants ſlay,
Shall ſtill be noted for a diſmall day,
He aym'd at my fall, but he fell (we ſee)
And murther'd many to haue met with mee,
But he miſtooke himſelfe, and miſſ'd his ayme,
And I to *Bethlem* ſafe return'd againe;
In ſpite of *Herod*, prophecies did ring,
That *Dauids* ſonne was borne to be a King:
I did ſuſtaine temptation for thy ſake,
Much toyle and trauaile I did vndertake,
To make thy burthen light, I dare preſume
To ſweare, betweene my cradle, and my tombe,
I knew no perfect reſt, I had no bed,
Foxes had holes, and birds were furniſhed
With neſts and lodgings, but my head had none,
Mine was like *Iacobs* ſtate when he left home,
And his old parents, to procure his reſt,
From angry *Eſau* with his kin in th'eaſt,

He was benighted in a ſtrange land, where
He neither found friends nor companions, there
His pillow was a ſtone, his bed was earth,
A naturall muſitian made him mirth,
(Surmiſ'd the Nightingall) he could not get,
Wherein to wrape himſelfe from nights could ſweat;
His vncoth roome was all with greene be ſpred,
And rouing cloudes were curtaines to his bed;
His canopy was heauen, where he might view,
Millions of Starres fixt in the blackeſt blew.
He went to bed as mildly as a lambe,
And ſlept as moderatly as a man,
And roſe as earely as a Larke, and fed
With more content then e're he went to bed:
Then towards his vncles, he doth poſt amaine,
To proue if *Rachels* loue he may obtaine,
And at the laſt his prentiſhips and paine,
Winnes his faire bride, and he comes home againe,
With's Lady in his hand, his flockes before,
His ſeede about him, and his Princely ſtore,

Comes after with his ſeruants, and thus hee
With beauty, riches, health, and dignitie,
Comes home attended. I with *Iacob* may
Compare my trauailes, ſo that by the way,
I make ſome difference, by the difference gather,
I left a fayrer home, a better father;
To tread ſtrange pathes where I was neuer knowne,
I ſought for ſtrangers loue, and left my owne:
Iacob was neuer in ſuch miſerie,
I was both wotter cloth'd, and lodg'd then he,
I went to fetch my bride, from amongſt thoſe,
That dwelt farre further off, and were my foes.
He payd but loue and ſeruice for his bride,
I payd my ſeruice, loue, and life beſide,
He brought his home with riches and renowne,
With ioy and gladneſſe vnto *Sichem* towne;
And for her mouing tents, he hath her giuen,
Faire fixed temples, ſtately types of Heauen:
His bed was on the earth, mine was within,
He ſlept for ſorrow, but I ſlept for ſinne,

I roſe more earely to prepare thy way,
For I ſaw ſun-riſe, before he ſaw day:
I'll bring thee home, adorn'd with better things,
The power and honor of all earthly kings;
(And let their powers together lincked bee,
All cannot make one worthy t'waite on thee:
I ſpent my dayes in ſorrow for thy good,
I ſayl'd to th'Cradle in teares, to th'graue in blood;
And more then this I was content to doo,
My middle time had mickle ſorrowes too.
I liu'd releeuing poore, healing, and feeding,
I wipt thoſe eyes that wept, wounds that were bleeding
I cur'd, and car'd for all that were in woe,
None can complaine that they away did goe
Without a pardon for the great'ſt tranſgreſſion,
All thoſe that brought repentance found compaſſion.
I haue beene thine, thine both in word and deede,
My tongue did preach, and pray, my fleſh did bleede,
From my freſh wounds the ſmalleſt droppe that fell,
Is price ſufficient to ſaue *Iſraell:*

I promiſe thee (beleeue my promiſe then)
One drop may ſaue more worlds then this hath men,
It is ſufficient: Know I did not come,
To plead defficience, and pay halfe the ſumme;
Let him that's poore, and needy, and that muſt
Confeſſe his pouerty, and take on truſt,
I haue no ſuch occaſion, let him ſcore,
That's growne diſable, beggarly, and poore.
Thy ranſome all is payd, and thou art rich,
And ſtill within my ſtore-houſe there's ſo much,
It neuer can be empti'd, do not want,
My bounty cannot make my bleſſings ſcant:
Deſire and I will giue thee more, (and more)
"Thou canſt not make the ſtocke of mercy poore,
Preſume not neither, for I will expreſſe,
My Iuſtice on preſumptuous ſaucineſſe;
The meeke and lowly I delight to guide,
" I owe the greateſt puniſhments to pride,
My *Iſraell*, my death hath bought thy life,
Forget not then the duties of a wife:

Diuine Epiſtles.

The office of a husband I haue ſhowne,
In greater meaſure, then the world hath knowne,
The graue is conquer'd, death hath now no ſting,
All foes are vanquiſht by thy Lord and King;
And now thy Chriſt as chiefe aloft doth raigne,
And *Edens* gates are now vnbarr'd againe;
The Lambe being ſlaine, the firy ſword, by him
Is taken from the angry Cherubin,
And my faire bride may come (and welcome) in.

FINIS.

THE EPISTLE OF THE LORD TO *his Bride, vpon her Sanctification.*

A Heauenly legacy, properly for the vse of the Honorable, Sr. *Richard Mullineux, &c.*

Written,
By *Augustine Taylor* Preacher at *Hawarden.*

LONDON,
Printed by *Nicholas Okes.* 1623.

TO THE HONORABLE Sr. RICHARD MVLLINEVX, Knight, and Barronet, &c.

Worthily Honored:

THere is a ſumptuous feaſt prepar'd,
Vpon Gods holy hill:
Of dainties, and of plenties, ſhar'd
Amongſt all thoſe that will,
With reuerence, and louing feare,
Attend to be the gheſts:
At the Lambs nuptialls, to be there
The Lord (by me) requeſts,
Your worthy ſelfe, therefore prouide,
Your wedding garments fit;
And you by Gods-ſonnes-ſacred ſide,
In glories ſeate ſhall ſit:

Peruſe

The Epiſtle Dedicatory.

Peruſe theſe lines, and though they be,
No meaſures that excell,
Yet th'are diuine, and comes from me,
That knowes and loues you well:
Yet for my knowledge and my loue,
Accept it not, but for
His glorious name that ſits aboue,
And is th'all gouernour.
I know you'll giue this meete reſpect,
And for your Noble name,
Time ſhall preſerue, and ſtill protect,
With the ſweete lippes of fame:
To all poſterities to come,
When this ſhort life is paſt,
Theſe lines ſhall liue, and when your tombe
Shall periſh, theſe ſhall laſt.

Your Honors, in the ſeruice
of the Lambe,

Auguſtine Taylor.

THE ARGVMENT.

Least nation (rude) should spie some spot.
In the Messias Bride,
By's spirit and bloodshed begot
A new, and iustified.

BEcause I'm earnest, and an vrgent mouer,
Do not thou take me for a doting louer;
Why I'm so loth to leaue thee, thou mayst know,
"From her I loue, I do not loue to go?
Somethings are wanting yet, the prophet sings
That holy men are seru'd with holy things;
And know I will be sanctifi'd in all,
That shall come neare me euery one that shall,
Into my Temple come by my command,
Shall put their shooes off, for 'tis holy land:
I loue this holinesse, 'tis a kind of beauty,
And to expresse thy loue and shew thy duty,
Thou mayst do well to learne it, and thou so
May be Queene-like in substance and in show,
Beauty, or maiesty lookes well alone,
But ten times better if these two be one:
One beauty's honor'd, seru'd, and praised too,
And then for many what would many doo?

They

They could not do ſo much, and ſo I thought,
When with ſo great a ranſome I thee bought,
Thy ſpots and freckles all I waſht away,
And made thee ſuch that there is not one may,
Compare to be thy equall, th'art that one,
Whom all doth like, but can be-alike none:
Each tong tels forth thy praiſe, each pen thy fame,
A peereleſſe Princeſſe, and a matchleſſe Dame,
Chiefe of thy kind, and faireſt of thy ſex,
A worke that makes admir'd the *Opifex*:
Conceiue thy owne eſtate, and thou will teil,
God is a louing God to *Iſraell*.
I made thee happy, yea and holy too,
For all that earth and earthly kings could do,
Thou hath beene carried ſafe on Eagles wings,
To th'prayſe of thine, to th'ſhame of other kings:
With blood and water I haue waſhen thee,
Thy ſpots of ſinne, and thy infirmity,
Are chang'd for honor, ſtrength, and purity;

And thou ſo faire in holineſſe art ſeene,
Thy heathen neighbours wonder, and do ſeeme
To enuy thy eſtate, and maruaile ſo,
They make diſpute, if thou be fleſh or no:
Thee of more pretious mettle they define,
Some ſmall part mortall, but the moſt diuine,
Thy pleaſant beauty countenance and grace,
They thinke compoſed of no peece ſo baſe:
They know thy beauties from the Heauens are,
For th'earth cannot afford a frame ſo faire:
Nature amazed doth her ſelfe ſubmit,
To her owne worke, and loues to worſhip it,
And ſeekes to find the author of each obiect,
And findes but one for all, and that one's ſubiect
She willingly becomes, and doth record
Her ſelfe a ſeruant, and thy loue her Lord..
And thus my grace to ſanctifie my creature,
Path bleſt thee with all helpes of art and nature:
But of thy coate, it is the old mans weare,
Filthy, polluted, noyſome, graceleſſe, geare,

Made of a web, in diſobedience frame,
Stain'd with the ſpots of infamy, and ſhame,
'Twas cut out by ambition ſhapen by pride,
And ſtitcht together by that Homicide,
Impiety, and lin'd throughout with ſinne,
Vncleane without, but more vncleane within,
Butten'd with feare, garded about with woe,
And ſpotted with a thouſand plagues; and ſo
By flattery ſold, and bought by arrogance,
And dayly worne by doating ignorance.
The old man weares it, (ſuch a one I ſay)
Whoſe ſinnes are greene, and yet his haires ar gray;
I meane him old in vices, him eſchew,
Old things are worne away, all's become new,
And ſo muſt thou, the coate that's made for thee,
Is cut out of the web of puritie,
Made large and long, th'image of excellence,
Of colour white betokening innocence,
In-layde with ioy, the skirt with ſafty bound,
And with true honor treble-garded, round:

Claſped

Claſped with comforts, furniſht with content,
Ornated with each ſeemely ornament,
Fram'd by deſire, perfected with good will,
Seame-ſow'd with loue and perl'd with holy skill:
Set thicke with ſtarres, attended on with day,
Compoſ'd with care, and ſhall looke freſh, and gay
For euermore; I haue thee ſo attir'd,
As thou cannot be equall'd, but admir'd;
And it muſt needes be ſo, ſince thou art wife,
T'a Lord in comprehenſible, thy life
Muſt be incomparable, to expreſſe,
Thy loue is holy, and in holineſſe,
The ſeruice he admits of, muſt be done,
Now thou art perfect it were beſt to come,
And ſeeke a fayrer habitation, for
So faire a Princeſſe me thinkes ſhould abhor,
So foule a dwelling: *Dauid* much laments,
That 'twas his lot to dwell in *Kedars* tents,
Thoſe mouing cabins onely but remaines,
To *Iſmaels* iſſue on th'Arabian plaines.

Goodly great buildings I haue made for thee,
Where woods, and meades, and ſprings, and riuers bee,
Now ſeeke thy Lord, thy lodging's furniſhed,
A holy Bride, ſhould find a holy bed.

FINIS.

THE EPISTLE OF THE LORD TO *his Bride, vpon her Iustification.*

A
Holy legacy, for the vse of the
Right Honorable, *William* Earle
of Northampton, &c.

Written,
By *Augustine Taylor* Preacher at
Hawarden.

LONDON,
Printed by *Nicholas Okes.* 1623.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE WILLIAM Earle of *Northampton*, Baron Compton, Lord Preſident of *Wales*, &c.

Right Honorable,

NVrſt in the limits of your Lordly power,
I liue, and therefore bõldned to preſent
Vnto your view, this holy newes, this hower,
By Heauens King's gracious commandement,
A marriage feaſt is gloriouſly begunne,
'Twixt Iacobs *Daughter, and* Iehouahs *Sonne,*
To call to't noble gheſts there's many ſent,
And I am one, and I am ſent to you:
Right worthy Earle put on your ornament,
Such as may giue the Nuptiall day it due,
Your ſeate 's prepar'd, deckt with victorious bayes,
And ſhall ſtand more yeares, then this world hath dayes,
My Lord I'm plac'd vpon the mount of peace,
To profit Syons *friends and not to pleaſe*
The reeling multitude, ſuch as would ken,
The path to paſſe to new Ieruſalem,

The Epiſtle Dedicatory.

I haue Commiſſion to direct thereto,
With all the remnants, I haue nought to doe:
Your honor of that body's a chiefe part,
Of which Chriſt Ieſus is the ſupreame head;
Vnto your hand (therefore) withall my heart,
I offer this, praying your Honor read,
It is the word of truth, and doth afford,
The fayreſt gilding for your Princely ſword.
It is the lateſt Honor great men wiſh,
To leaue their memories in leaues of braſſe,
Or Iet, or marble: this meere weakneſſe is,
Becauſe it ſhall conſume, periſh, and paſſe,
Away with running time; Therefore I giue
This frame to you, where in your fame ſhall liue,
Till men, and time, and Engliſh ceaſe: giue mee
Your gracious countenance, and I haue my fee.

At your Honors ſeruice,
ſubmiſſiuely deuoted,

Auguſtine Taylor.

The Argvment.

Pollution, must be layd aside,
For holy garments gay,
The Lambe hath shapen for his Bride,
T'adorne the marriage day.

STay! yet more Iewels must adorne my loue,
Before she can be fit to sit aboue,
Vpon a Princely throne, none shall deride
At thine estate, thou shall be iustifi'd:
The great Kings daughter must be faire within,
"She's blest to whom the Lord imputes no sin,
Then blest shall thou be, mine shall be the blame,
And I will beare the burthen of thy shame;
And I will answere those that railes on thee,
They do mistake themselues, and iniure me:
If thou find enemies that do beginne
To blaze thy faults, and publish all thy sinne,
Bid them behold themselues, and learne to mend,
Tell them thou hast a father sent a friend,
To pleade thy cause, and that Prince is content,
To take thy sinnes, and beare thy punishment;
Bid them remember in the dayes of old,
My Prophets, and Apostles truely told,

That ſinners ſoules ſhould die, and euery one,
Should beare the burthen of 's owne ſinnes alone:
So they muſt do, be mindfull of it will-them,
Say thou that I ſayd ſo, ſo thou may ſtill them.
They may obiect then, thou ſhall anſwere thine,
For God loues right, and will to right incline:
He will indeede, for the moſt pretious ſumme,
Did ſatiſfie for ſinne, e're pardon come;
That ſumme I paid, and paid in thy name too,
The debt was thine, but who hath ought to do,
Againſt this ſatiſfaction to exclaime,
For thou art iuſt, if I ſuppoſe the ſame,
To whom the Lord imputes no ſinne, th'are iuſt,
And ſo art thou, and onely by thy truſt:
There's other adherent helpes, but faith extends,
As the chiefe inſtruments that apprehends,
My ſatiſfaction to be others ſhare,
My merits by thy faith thy merits are,
Euen as a woman doth that's farre in debt,
If ſhe a wealthy husband chance to get

And he diſcharge it,and then ſome demaunds,
If the bond woman forfeited her bands,
Or ſatiſfied them? Creditors enſue,
And iuſtiffies,ſhe payd them all their due.
The feaſt was hers,the charge her husbands lot,
"And thus ſhe payd it,though ſhee paid it not,
So thou art iuſtifi'd, iuſtice of mine,
That's vncreated hath created thine:
Thou was the woman, husbandleſſe and poore,
Millions in debt,and at the priſon doore,
To be deliuer'd to the Iaylors hands,
And with thy death thou ſhould diſcharge thy bands:
I was the man that ſpent none of the ſumme,
Yet in my loue thy husband I 'd become,
Examining my eſtate,I treaſure found,
To pay for euery peny debt,a pound:
Then I did vndertake to ſet thee free,
And what I did, I counted done by thee;
Such was my loue,thou doeſt thy all inherit
From me,and by my mercy not thy merrit.

If

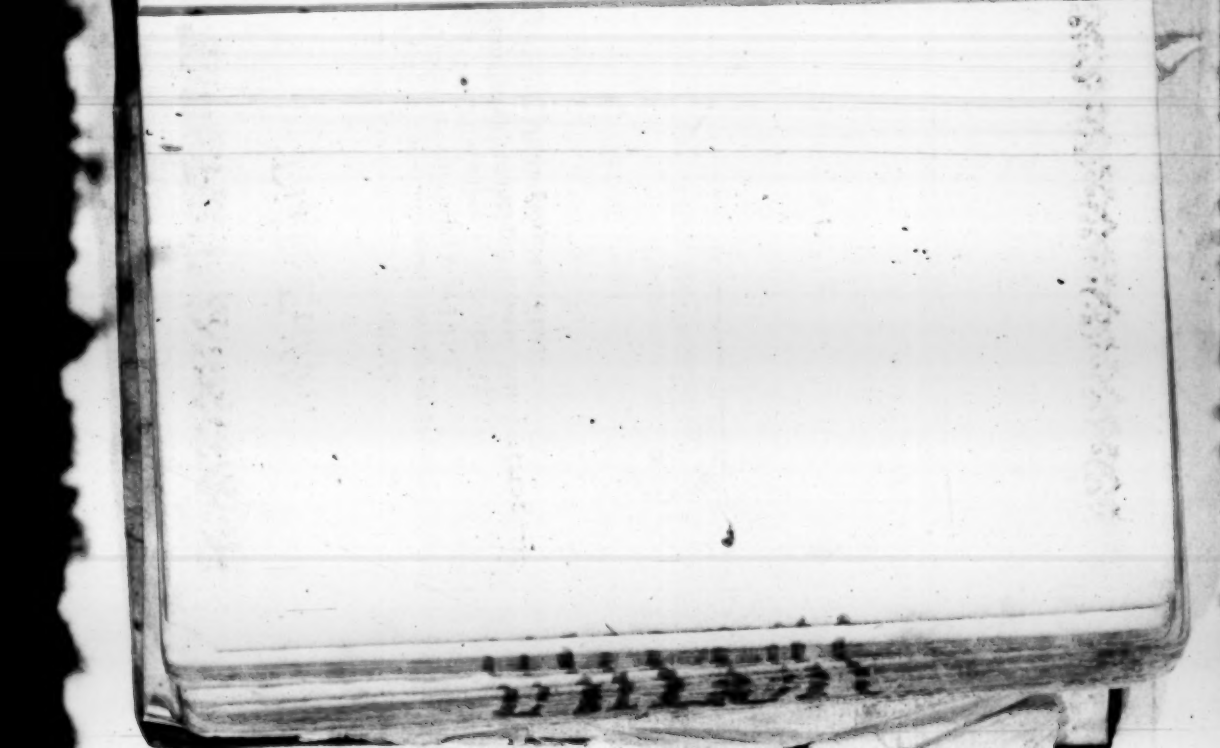
If any aske what moued me to fill
Thy lappe with bleſſings, ſay it was my will:
I can do what I will, ſo can no other,
Iacob I'll iuſtifie, but for his brother
Eſau, I cannot loue, for it was hee,
That firſt vſ'd weapon to contend with thee,
And fares the woorſe for that. Know I haue giuen,
All things a being, betweene earth and Heauen:
And vnto ſome a perfect being well,
The bad I cauſed not to fall, they fell
By their owne will, I left them, being not tide,
To take directions where to chooſe my bride,
The vnderſtanding may the reſt perſwade
The maker, is not ſubiect to the made:
Euen as the Potter may diſpoſe of's clay,
So the chiefe Lord of all his Creatures may.
Thou art my choyce, thou art my (ſole) elect,
To honor thee I did all elſe reiect;
And in contempt of all thine enemies pride,
I'll pleade thee iuſt, thou ſhalt be iuſtifide.

And now if Sathan (thy grand-enemy) come,
And to affright thee gather all the ſumme
Of thy blacke ſinnes together, ſtill affirming
Thy ſinnes are ſuch he comes to giue thee warning,
Thy ſoule is ſicke, and thou art doom'd to die,
And that for mercy 't is too late to crie,
Iudgement hath paſt: Beleeue him not, ſay thus,
Thy Lord's a liue, and good, and gracious;
And did not the Croſſe ſo freſhly bleed,
To leaue thee drownd in miſery and need:
Tell him thou waſht (when I was nayl'd on wood,)
My feete in teares, and I thy ſoule in blood,
And ſay I neuer will forgetfull be,
Of two ſuch tokens betweene thee and mee:
Yet tell him more, that thou art bound to bee
At new *Ieruſalem* to ſuppe with me,
Vpon a ſuddaine warning, then away,
And if he moue, or would procure thy ſtay,

Say th'art warn'd on my pleaſure to attend,
So looſe thine enemy, and come loue thy friend,
Yet ſtay to tell him th'art betroth'd to me,
And being ſo debts that are due by thee
To any whoſoeuer, I muſt pay,
For ſo I promiſ'd at thy wedding day:
If he make any claime to thee or thine,
Plead ignorance, and ſay the matter's mine;
And he muſt take my anſwere, he'll deny,
To deale with me becauſe he ſeekes to try
His ſtrength with weaknes, which ſhews cowardlie ſtill,
"He makes no combate, but he meanes to kill;
And if this ſerue not to ſend him away,
Tell him thou ſeuerall times hath heard me ſay,
No ſuite in law is good againſt the wife,
Whilſt it is knowne the husband hath his life,
And thine is liuing: teſtimonies ſtore,
Sayth *Syons* God, indures for euermore:

Then part for euer, ſince th'art iuſtifi'de,
Trauaile to me-wards, and I'll be thy guide:
Thy feete in order in my way I'll ſet,
And I will leade thee ſafely ſtep by ſtep,
From ſtrength to ſtrength forward, from grace to grace,
To ſee thy God in glory face to face.

FINIS.



THE EPISTLE OF THE LORD TO *his Bride, upon her Glorification.*

A

Spirituall legacy, for the benefite of the Honorable, Sr. *Iames Whitlocke*, Knight, Lord Chiefe Iuſtice of *Cheſter*, and *of His Maieſties Councell, eſtabliſhed in* the Principallity of *Wales*, &c. And Sr. *Marmaduke Lloyd*, Knight, *His Aſſociate, &c.*

Written,
By *Auguſtine Taylor* Preacher at *Hawarden.*

LONDON,
Printed by *Nicholas Okes.* 1613.

TO THE HONORABLE Sr. IAMES WHITLOCKE Knight, Lord Chiefe Iuſtice of the *County Palatine of* Cheſter, *and of his Maieſties Councell, eſtabliſhed in the Principallity of Wales, &c.* And to the Right Worſhipfull, Sr. *Marmaduke Lloyd Knight, &c. His Aſſociate.*

* * *

Moſt Worthy:

YOu that ſometimes pleaſd graciouſly t'accept,
Th'imperfect offers of my tongue, I pray
This ſeruice of my pen you would protect,
I wiſh no more then you with honor may
Confirme and grant, therefore I hope to ſpeede,
My deſire is diuine, and ſo's my deede.
The Law without the Goſpell's too ſeuere,
Without the Law the Goſpell is too mild:

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Therefore I'ntreate you with a reuerent feare,
To be the gossips to this diuine child,
And in the forehead of it men shall reade,
Your names and worth when you are lapt in leade.
You that so well affect the life of grace,
Are here inuited to the life of glory,
The Lambe and's Bride in holy loue imbrace,
And of all ioyes nam'd in the sacred story,
Possesse the fulnesse, thither you are bidden,
To share those beauties that from earth are hidden.
I'm confident, these poems will come fit
For your surucy, at your most proper leasure,
I know you dearely loue, both arte and wit,
And by a heauenly muse, receiues both pleasure,
And holy profit. Thus my loue commands
My booke with reuerence t'kisse, your noble hands.

At your Honorable, and worthy
dispose, in God seruice,

Augustine Taylor.

THE ARGVMENT.

The world's proud worthleſſe, and the Bride,
The Prince intreates to come,
Tells her ſhe ſhall be glorifi'de
And bids her haſt her home.

MY Royall loue, ſince I haue ſhew'd to thee,
The pathes of pleaſure and of piety,
Prepare to trauaile, and to walke in them,
They leade to *Syon*, to *Ieruſalem*,
My choſen dwelling, where in loue and feare,
Both Saints, and Angels ſing, and worſhip, there
A place to be thy reſt, I haue aſſign'd,
And if thou will come, thou ſhall welcome find:
Remember life, or death, th'art free to chooſe,
The good I wiſh thee take, the bad refuſe?
As *Dauid* ſung thou haſt iuſt cauſe to ſing,
Th'art but a ſtranger vnder a ſtrange king,
Farre from thy father houſe, farre from thy friends,
Farre from all true delights, with ioyes that ends,
In th'houre they are begunne, th'art poorely fed,
Sorrowes are boundleſſe ioyes are limitted,
Comes but to go againe, who euer could,
Proteſt he knew one, pleaſure, one day old,

And did not diſconitnue? none can ſay,
Amongſt his millions h'ad one perfect day,
Wherein he'll ſwere a minute was not ſpent,
Either in cares, or griefes, or diſcontent.
No ioyes and woes are mixt, and thou haſt tride,
Like to the ſwelling waues in a rough tide,
They chace each other, to be plaine and ſhort,
The worſer things are ſtill the greater ſort,
The earths condition (by mans lewd diſpoſe)
"Produceth twenty hemlockes for on roſe:
View earth at faireſt in her ſpringing mornes,
"And for ten Lillies, there's ten thouſand thornes;
Ioyes comes but ſeldome, and comes ſlowly too,
And winter vndoes all the ſpring can doo.
Contents depart from man and leaues him weeping,
Then fearefull death diſolues him, leaues him ſleeping,
And brings him thither whence there's no returnings,
Yet ioyfull euenings follow carefull mornings;
I haue decreed it ſo, becauſe that I
Will ſuffer thee to faint but not to dye,

Yet death hath made thy bed, and fill'd thy cup,
And drinke thou muſt, and downe thou muſt, but vp
In tune, and time, I'll call thee, thou ſhall try,
Thou ſhall but ſleepe, thy enemies ſhall die:
Thou art on ſorrowes ſeas where dangers frowne,
But feare not though thou ſwim, thou ſhall not drowne,
Thou ſhall ſing in a happy heauenly ſtraine,
"Day went, night came, day comes, night goes againe,
Remooue thy thoughts, place them on things aboue;
Soare to my *Syon* with the wings of loue,
The gates are open, and the gueſts are comming,
Faire trees are ſpringing, and ſweete riuers running,
My fruites are gather'd, and my wine's abroach,
My table's couer'd, and I waite th'approach
Of my belou'd, for whom I payd ſo deare,
All things are ready, and all Princely cheare
Is there prepar'd, and on thee I'll beſtowe,
A cup that euermore, ſhall ouer-flowe:
The lampes do burne ſo bright, blackneſſe is baniſht,
The muſicke ſounds ſo loud, that mourning's vaniſht:

Thy good old father's anger's paſt, and gone,
And the loſt child may come and welcome home,
My father ſent for's robe, and thou muſt weare it,
He called for a crowne, thy head muſt beare it,
There is ſhooes for thy feete, rings for thy fingers,
To pleaſe thine eares, there is a quire of ſingers,
And *Dauid's* maiſter of them; for thy food,
Thy father's calfe, that was both fat and good,
Hath ſuffer'd ſlaughter: Come, the feaſt ne'er ends,
The brother's pacifi'd, and all are friends;
Thy aduerſaries hauing plainely ſeene,
In ſpite of *Iſmaell*, *Iſrael* muſt be Queene:
Ceaſe contradiction, and to ſtriue giueno're, (more
Haue ſheath'd their ſwords, and ſworne to fight no
Theſe nations that, but wiſht to ſee thy fall,
I either turn'd, or ouer-turn'd them all,
I've made thee Conqueror, and in good time,
The combat's ended, and the day is thine;
And 'tis a day that's not purſu'd with night,
My roomes are furniſht with a laſting light,

That ne'er ſhall be extinguiſht, and for thee,
There's ſeameleſſe ſuites of endleſſe puritie:
Thy heauenly ſtate from earthly differs thus,
Th'haſt found my beſt, and loſt thy *peſſimus*,
Thy ſeat's ordain'd and fixed firme and ſure,
And ſhall in bliſs, an endleſſe time indure;
And empty ſtayes thy leaſure, come in time,
Theſe lights below will quickly ceaſe to ſhine,
Seeke thoſe aboue and ſeeking thou ſhall find,
The ioyes and glory that's for thee aſſign'd:
Vntill thou come (to ſhew thou meanes to come)
Apply thy hand and tongue and be not dumbe,
Send dayly ſacrifice, thou ought to learne, (turne,
"Earth ſhould ſend thankes to heauen for each good
It's all I looke for, therefore let me ſee,
Some ſignes of loue, aſcend from thee to mee,
And I'll expect thy comming, make it knowne,
Th'art wholy now thy owners, not thy owne.
Let thy ſucceeding carriage be ſo good,
That by thy acts it may be vnderſtood,

Who

Who is thy Lord; and let there be expreſt,
In thee thoſe things that fits a Princeſſe beſt,
From th'hauen of ſorrowes, to the heauen of bliſſe,
Vnto my holy hill, from thine abiſſe,
Mount with the wings of loue, and thou ſhall bee,
Partaker of my throne, and royaltie,
Let all the graceleſſe nations grudge and tell,
To their great griefe, the daughter of *Iſraell*
Hath marri'd a Prince, that euer-more ſhall raigne,
Her health, and life, and honor to maintaine:
Be not in loue with earth, nor earthly things,
Though for a time th'art troubled with the ſtings
Of death, and ſinne, and hell, for thy offences,
Yet there's a campe wherein is none but Princes,
And ioy, and blis, and peace, and to that place,
I will tranſlate thee from thy life of grace,
Vnto my life of glory: thy protecter,
Will giue thy head a crowne, thy hand a ſcepter,
Thy mouth a ſong to ſing, truthes excellence,
Thy backe a robe as white as innocence;

Thy

Thy ſoule both life, and comfort, thou ſhall ſee,
More perfect abſolute felicity,
In one dayes length, in heauen, then if thou were,
To liue on earth a king, ten thouſand yeare,
Thou couldſt obtaine, and therefore in a word,
To manifeſt how Paradiſe is ſtor'd:
As things beyond thy knowledge, I will leaue,
I muſt conceale, ſince thou cannot conceiue,
That thou mayſt fully know them; haſt and come,
"Millions of bleſſings waites thy welcome home.

FINIS.

THE EPISTLE OF THE BRIDE TO her Lord, expreſſing her Gratitude.

A Spirituall legacy, bequeathed to the protection of the Right Honorable, the Earle of *Cumberland*, &c.

By,
Auguſtine Taylor, Preacher, and Miniſter, in the *Church of God.*

LONDON,
Printed by *Nicholas Okes*. 1623.

THE EPISTLE OF THE EBIONITES

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE FRANCIS CLIFFORD, Earle of *Cumberland*, Lord CLIFFORD *Westmerland*, and *Vesey*, &c.

Most Noble:

RElgion ioyn'd with valour, lookes as well,
As a faire Diamond, set in pureſt gold,
Theſe man-like, God-like parts in you excell,
And ſhall to after ages be inrold,
In leaues more laſting then the ſheetes of braſſe,
And in the fore-head of my diuine verſe,
Your name with fame and honor forth ſhall paſſe,
Into all coaſts of this faire vniuerſe:
I do preſent to your inditious view,
Th epiſtles 'twixt the Lambe and's holy Bride,
A very proper preſent 'tis for you,
That weares a ſword to cauſe her deſide,

Strike

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Strike still in truths defence, and you shall see,
Your euening crown'd with glorious victory:
Great Lord, my native place neighbours your north,
Then since my soule inhabits in that soyle,
And since my muse hath wing, and will flie forth,
She 'll tell you of more ioyes then life hath howres,
And lookes for welcome in your fairest towers,
Your floods and fords are faire, your swans but few,
But if you please with gracious eyes to view,
My diuine verse; and therein take content,
I'll build your trophies betweene tweed and trent.

Your Honors truely
obseruant,

Augustine Taylor.

THE ARGVMENT.

Glad Iſraels *of-ſpring tunes her voyce,*
Of gratitude to ſing;
Accounts her ſelfe an vnfit choyce,
To Queene ſo great a King.

IF earthly kin may ſend t'a heauenly King,
Or if thy greatneſſe will heare meaneneſſe ſing,
Accept the ſacrifice I now beſtow,
My heart is high, although my voyce be low;
And ſince thou vnderſtands my thoughts, before
They be tranſform'd to breath, and paſſe the doore,
Of my vnready lips, my confidence
Is that thou will maintaine my innocence,
And make my worke accotding to my will:
I know thy mercy and power continue ſtill,
And ſince I ſhare of both, let it be ſeene,
Such qualities as doth become a Queene
I doe not want, and then the world ſo wide,
Shall bleſſe thee for thy bounties to thy Bride.
My gracious Lord I haue a great deſire,
To ſing thy prayſes in the ſacred quire,
And will vpon condition I may finde,
Thy heauenly graces vnto me aſſign'de,

In ſo great meaſure, that I may approue,
My bounty, and thy duty, and my loue:
Tenne thouſand thankes, that it hath pleaſed thee,
With mercies eyes to view my miſerie,
My griefe's forgotten, and my ioy growes full,
My crimſon ſpots are chang'd to whiteſt wooll,
My ſoule's content my breſt can ſcarce containe,
My guilty garment, that was dy'd in graine,
Paſt alteration, is reſtor'd by thee,
From ſinnefull red to perfect purity:
Thy day diſſolu'd my night, thy cares, my feares,
Thy drops of blood, hath ſtanch'd my drops of teares.
When I remember my eſtate at firſt,
Griefes bitterneſſe threatens my heart ſhall burſt;
Feare keepes poſſeſſion, and that feares leads paine,
And paine brings death, and thus I'm partly ſlaine,
With thinking on my miſeries. After theſe,
Sad thoughts are paſt (which I do pay as fees,
For my offences) ioy comes in againe,
When I conſider my king doth remaine,

A glorious conquerour of all my foes,
Now that I may my thankfulneſſe diſcloſe,
Aſſiſt me Lord, and lend ſuch grace to me,
As may preferre a ſacrifice to thee,
Lapt in a ſacred ſong, that I'm indu'd,
With the poores payment, perfect gratitude,
Take this ſucceeding witneſſe: my good Lord,
For all thy bleſſings all I can afford
Out of my borrow'd ſtore is onely prayſe,
It doth become the iuſt, (thy Prophet ſayes?
Daily to render thankes vnto thy name,
I being iuſt through thee muſt do the ſame,
Or ſhew my ſelfe forgetfull: I would bee,
As farre from that as I wiſh that from mee.
For my creation, that it was thy will,
To ſhew thy loue, and grace, and power, and skill,
In making nothing ſomething, and in that
Placeing ſuch beauty, as is wonder'd at,
By heauen and earth, and that of all, this all
Thou haſt made me thy Princeſſe principall,

And to adorne my ſtate made all thy ſtore,
I giue thee thankes, and I can giue no more.
For my election I do much reioyce,
Thou would vouchſafe to make ſo meane a choyce,
And was ſo mighty, but each *Dauid* ſings,
"It fits th'Almighty to doe mighty things:
When out of *Eden* I forſaken fell,
(Set in the open fields my ſhame to tell,)
I grew in nature, and in number great,
The earth was ſpacious, yet had ne'er a ſeate,
Wherein the ſonnes of *Adam* neuer ſate,
Then ſince it pleaſed thee t'illuminate
All nations, and the beſt of all to chooſe,
To make thy one, let that one neuer looſe
The beauty of thy ſonne, let me boaſt euer,
Where my Lord, Lord loueth once he looſeth neuer;
That I am thy elect, and that I may,
Vnto my enemies, and the heathen ſay,
(As day doth night) my ſtate doth theirs excell,
And that my Lord call'd my name *Iſraell*,

Crown'd

Crown'd me with *Iſaacks* bleſſings, did decree
Prophaneſt *Edom* ſeruant vnto mee,
That this is thus. I can but prayſe and pray,
"My thankes my Prince is all I haue to pay,
I do remember when by thy command
I multipli'd, and into euery land,
My members were diſperſi, yea it was I
The *Caldean* Prieſt beheld ſo ſtrangly lie
Shapeleſſe, and liueleſſe in the valley, ſowne
As thicke as haile, which ſome great blaſt hath blowne,
Into the lower-lands, my bones once lay
Diſ-ioynted, broke, and ſcatter'd, till the day
It pleaſed thee(moſt graciouſly) to make
A perfect vnion, for thy choſen ſake:
For my vocation, that I was by thee
Reform'd, and knit in happy vnitie;
And call'd by *Dauids* Cimbals, *Aarons* bels,
Eſayes loud trump, th'Euangeliſts, and els
What muſicke men and Angels could deliuer,
Sounded ſo loud, my parts ioyn'd all together,

Earſt being diſperſed in t'all parts as farre,
As lights the arcticke, or th'antarcticke ſtarre,
And now collected onely for to bee,
A marriage for the *Trine-vne*-maieſtie:
By theſe Cæleſtiall motions that I am
Call'd out of *Ægypt* into *Canaan*,
I giue thee thankes and it is all I can:
My Lord I do remember my eſtate,
When in the open field ſo deſolate,
I lay contemn'd of all, when paſſers by
Scorn'd at my life, and laugh'd to ſee me die;
And I do likewiſe carry in my minde,
The great compaſſion that I then did finde,
Flow from thy breaſt, when I was falne ſo low,
The ſeas of miſeries did ouer-flow,
My aiery ſubſtance and my earthly ſhow;
And when with theſe ſad thoughts my heart is full,
Paſſion comes in and makes each ſence as dull
As ignorance: then do I 'gin t'admire,
What was th'occaſion ſuch an ardent fire,
Of holy loue was kindl'd in thy breſt,
To me-wards, knowing that in me did reſt

No

No good, I thus my Princes thoughts did meaſure,
My Lord choſe not for merit, but for pleaſure;
I had no beauty, my poore ſoule within,
Was like an Ethiop, wrapt in clouds of ſin,
My fleſh impreſſ'd with vlcers, in worſe ſtate
Then *Lazarus*, diſpiſ'd at *Dives* gate.
My wiſedome was but folly, and my health
Was deadly ſickneſſe, all my ſtore and wealth,
Was ſtore of woes and pouerty, in mee
Was the true image of all miſery;
And what was I (moſt vile, and wretched thing)
That I ſhould be the daughter of a King?
What's my diſcent, or what's my fathers houſe,
That I ſhould weare a crowne, and be the ſpouſe
Of Gods eternall ſonne? My Lord, my tong
Shall ſtill confeſſe thy mercies, euen among
The greateſt congregations; I'll make knowne,
Th'haſt ſet a beggar, on a Princes throne,
And alter'd her condition; and I'll ſing
"Th'vnworthi'ſt bride, hath Queen'd the worthi'ſt King.

FINIS.

THE EPISTLE OF THE BRIDE TO her Lord, containing her Thankfulneſſe.

A Legacy, beneficiall for the Right *Honorable*, HENRY *Lord* Clifford, *&c.*

By,
Auguſtine Taylor, Preacher, and Miniſter, in the *Church of God.*

LONDON,
Printed by *Nicholas Okes.* 1623.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE HENRY, LORD *Clifford*, Sonne and Heire to the *Right Noble*, *Lord* Francis *Earle of* Cumberland, *&c.*

Worthy Lord:

I Muſt intreate you to prouide
Your ſelfe with proper ſpeede,
T'attend the Nuptials of the Bride,
Our kin, it is a (greede,)
'Twixt Iſr'els of-ſpring and Gods ſoone
A marriage muſt be made,
And meſſengers abroad are runne,
All good men to perſwade,
To come, to ſee it ſolemniz'd,
And I am one of thoſe,
That haue ſome worthy friends aduiſ'd,
To free them from theſe woes:
That times and men are ſubiect too,
And it's become my lot,
By Gods Commiſſion t'inuite you,
And I know I ſhall not

Want

The Epiſtle Dedicatory.

Want audience, nor place, nor time
To tell my Embaſſie:
Imbrace it (Lord) for 'tis diuine,
And the beſt legacie
I can beſtow, I know you are
Religious, learn'd, and wiſe,
And noble therefore I ſhall ſhare,
Your fauours, I ſurmiſe.

Your Lordſhips in all
humble loue,

Auguſtine Tayler.

THE ARGVMENT.

Isr'els infirmitie's confeſs'd,
Her gratitude's proclaim'd,
The bounties of her Lord's expreſs'd,
And her beſt loue's explain'd.

MY Lord I know thou knowes before I ſpeake,
What I would vtter: ſince I'm wondrous weake
And of my ſelfe deficient teach thou mee
To publiſh pious pleaſant harmonie,
Such as thou wilt vouchſafe to heare that, when
My penſiue ſoule with miſeries of men
Is guarded round, my voyce to thee may come,
And find ſome grace to helpe the graceleſſe ſonne,
To helpe my ſinnefull ſorrowfull ſoule, in time
Let the bright ſunne, of mercy freely ſhine
Vpon my guiltineſſe, that thy bride may,
Be white as innocence, and as bright as day:
For all thy bleſſings, though I be but poore,
Yet both of praiſe and thankes I haue ſuch ſtore,
As ſhall record me debtor vnto thee,
In ſongs and himnes to all poſteritie:
I muſt confeſſe, but cannot pay thee due,
For my redemption, that thou pleaſ'd to view

My

My ſtate ſo poore with mercies eyes ſo pure,
My ſoule reioyceth, and I'm very ſure,
The price of my redemption's payd ſo well,
Sinne hath no ſtrength, death hath no ſting, and hell
Hath now no victory: I am not ſo
Blinded with ignerance, but that I know,
My ſelfe both as I am and as I was;
As different as the Dyamond from glaſſe,
So is my former, from my latter ſtate,
Thou didſt repaire what I did ruinate,
From gyues and fetters thou haſt looſed mee,
To tread the pathes of life, and liberty;
From helliſh endleſſe ſorrowes thou haſt quit,
My captiu'd ſoule out of the loweſt pit:
Euen as a Lilly ouer-growne with thornes,
That is not benific'd by the ſpringing mornes,
Vntill the carefull husband doe deuiſe,
To rid the thornes, to helpe the Lilly t'riſe;
So 'twas with me, my ſoule ſuppreſſ'd with ſinne,
Knew nought but ſorrow, till thou did beginne,

To vndergoe my burthen, and ſince then,
I haue found grace with God, and peace with men:
For this great freedome, and for all my bliſs,
In *eſſe* and in *poſſe* I'ue but this
Towards recompence, my gratitude's my ſtore;
Thankes, 'tis a proper payment for the poore.
And yet I'm bound for greater fauours ſuch,
For which I cannot manifeſt ſo much,
Affection as they challenge, therefore ſtill
Lord when my action failes, regard my will.
Since it did pleaſe thee to make me thy bride,
It ſeemes thou pleaſ'd I ſhould be ſanctifide,
For that I'm now reformed like to thee,
In hollineſſe and perfect puritie,
And that ſo inwardly and outward faire,
Thou haſt made me that I'm without compare;
And ſince my ſpots and wrinckles are diſolu'd,
And that in holy white, I'm now inuolu'd,
It reſteth that I ſacrifice my beſt,
And what I offer's but the intereſt

Of what I owe: I'll thanke thee whil'ſt I liue,
And Lord thou knowes I haue no more to giue:
But I'm for more, farre more indebt, yet truſt
Since thou wilt iuſtifie me (ſo vniuſt)
Thou wilt regard my nothing, nothing breedes,
"He that poſſeſſeth all things nothing needes,
That thou acceptsmy faith for righteouſneſſe
I can no more do, and I will no leſſe,
In words and actions then ſhew thankfulneſſe:
Since it hath pleas'd thy greatneſſe to admit,
My poore defectiue impotence, (vnfit)
To be a bride for thee, I'll hence forth ſtriue,
T'extinguiſh all my illneſſe, and depriue
Thoſe vices of their lodgings that haue beene,
My welcome gueſts before I was thy Queene.
What I haue beene, I'll ceaſe to be, and frame
My ſelfe to beare the beauty of thy name:
True modeſty, and loyalty ſhall reſt,
To waite vpon thy ſpirit in my breſt:
Aſſiſt me with thy grace, and thou ſhall ſee,
All th'ornaments proper for Maieſtie,

Prepared

Prepared for thy ſeruice, I confeſſe
Thou might'ſt haue had thy ſpouſe 'mongſt princeſſes
Of greater honor, and of nobler race
I know poore *Ruth* (my grandame) had no place
Whereinto reſt, but by permiſſion; yet
Becauſe ſhe's faire, and lowly *Boaz* will let
Her gleane amongſt his reapers, and withall
Strictly commands his ſeruants that they ſhall
Not offer once to blame her, tels her rather
It is his pleaſure, that ſhe ſtay and gather
In his, then goe t'an other field, and thus
Changes ſmall fauours, into *Maximus*:
And at the laſt, this fruite his loue doth yeild,
Takes her and makes her miſtris of the field:
Sure ſhe was faire, being honor'd with ſuch ſtore,
That lookt ſo louely, when ſhe was ſo poore,
Euen ſuch was I a *Ruth*, on whom no *Ruth*,
The word beſtow'd, vntill the word of truth
Came to ſuruey his vineyard, and gaue mee,
Commiſſion to worke there, and liberty,
To claime a ſacred peny? and in th'end
Suppoſing that the office of a friend,

Was not grace great enough, he chooſeth rather,
To manifeſt th'affection of a father,
And builds againe of a poore wretch (vndone)
A bleſſed bride, for his eternall ſonne:
My Lord I do not vtter this to thee,
For thou art ſenſible, of my miſerie,
I tell the neighbouring nations; leaſt they gheſſe,
I'm prone to ill, but too proud to confeſſe:
I know my faults, and betweene griefes and feares,
My body's like a barke, that ſayles in teares,
Made to tranſport (thy choyce) the ſoule from th'earth,
Towards the faire land of euer-laſting mirth;
And on theſe ſeas of ſorrowes Lord vouchſafe,
To be my Pylate, and conduct me ſafe,
Vnto the ſhoares of peace, and thou ſhall ſee,
My loue ſo beautifi'd with conſtancie,
That thou 'll be pleaſ'd to ſay, I do approue,
The price of life is payd, with coyne of loue.
Great Prince I'm very poore, infirme and weake,
Diſable (without thee) to thinke or ſpeake,
The ſmalleſt good: therefore I'll ſtill intreate,
That as my dignity thou didſt create,

Thou would'ſt maintaine it, though the cauſe be mine,
Thou knowes it honors thee to honor thine,
As the Kings honor's made of ſubiects duties,
So are thy glories made of thy Queenes beauties:
I take it, ſuch are thine, no I miſtake,
Thine are thy owne, ſince thou didſt pleaſe to make
Me free t'inioy them, when I thee adore,
I but repay what I receiu'd before:
Since by thy bounties I in plenties liue,
Giue thou me more, and more, that I may giue
To others, that to all it may be ſeene,
Of beauty, and bounty, th'aſt compoſ'd thy Queene,
With hands that neuer err'd, bleſt with the ſenſes
Of plenty, the meet'ſt mettle to make Princes:
Lord lend me all thy graces, till I riſe
From earth to glory in thy Paradiſe;
In the meane time accept my ſacrifice,
Which Baptiſt-like, I ſend (before) aboue,
My ſoule flyes after, with the wings of loue.

FINIS.

THE EPISTLE OF THE BRIDE TO *her Lord, declaring her Confidence.*

A

Heauenly legacy, for the vse of of the Right Honorable, IOHN Earle *of* Bridg-water, *and his most Noble* Counteſſe, the Lady *Francis.*

Written,
By *Auguſtine Taylor* Preacher at *Hawarden.*

LONDON,
Printed by *Nicholas Okes.* 1623.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE IOHN, EARLE OF *Bridg-water, &c.* And to his moſt noble *Lady* Francis, *Counteſſe of* Bridge-water: The iſſue of the Ancient, and *Illuſtrious Houſe of* Derby.

Right Honorable:

IF you admire wherefore I bring,
This offring to your hands,
My reaſon's this, I ſaw day ſpring,
The firſt vpon thoſe lands,
That was your birth-plot, and for that
My heart and hand this giues,
And know your Honor die ſhall not,
So long as Engliſh liues:
Another reaſon's, I confeſſe
I liue vnder the wing
Of your good mother, Patroneſſe
Of Syon *where I ſing,*
And Preach, by Gods commiſſion, I
Am ſent to call, in gheſts
To ſee the Lambe in's Maieſty,
Where peace, and plenty reſts.

The Epiſtle Dedicatory.

And dearely, humbly I intreate,
Your Honors to that place,
Where you ſhall ſit in glories ſeate,
And ſee God face to face.
Your Noble diſpoſitions bee,
So generally approu'd,
That for your true Nobilitie,
Y'are both, both praiſ'd and lou'd:
And ſo God grant you may be ſtill,
'Tis that I wiſh to ſee,
And if you pleaſe t'approue my will,
Feare God, and fauour mee.

Your Honors to be
Commanded,

Auguſtine Taylor.

THE ARGVMENT.

The faith of Isr'el's here express'd,
- Her disobedience done,
Humilsty's by her profess'd,
And all her good begone.

GReat King of *Israell* may I be so bold,
To speake a few words more? some part's vntold,
Of that I meant to vtter, vouchsafe t'heare,
My speech preferred, with a reuerent feare,
Thy ancient seruants, prudently fore-seeing
Him, men deny, or doubt to haue a beeing,
They can doe no true seruice, doe expresse,
The first good that man doth, is to confesse
The being of one God, and Scripture saith,
The Honor thou admits, is built on faith:
Lord I beleeue, and thou mayst shew thy might,
To helpe my vnbeliefe, that in thy sight
I may be perfect, and I will approue,
My harueſt's from the seeding of thy loue:
My Lord this is my faith, I sted-fastly
Beleeue all things deliuered of thee,
'Twixt th'Alpha, and th'Omega of thy booke,
And I'm perswaded all the paines thou tooke,

Tends

Tends to my reſt, thy promiſes of grace,
Are th'euidence I keepe for glory's place.
The poorneſſe of thy comming, birth, and kinne,
As I conceiue was onely for to winne
The loue not prayſe of men, thou didſt agree,
T'ore come temptations, that we might be free:
Thou waſht their feete, that did attend on thee,
(I take it) to teach me humillitie,
And as a friend that is to take in hand,
A long and dangerous voyage, doth command
His kinred, and acquaintance to be fit,
To ſhare of's friendly farewell, and being met,
They ſolemnize it ſadly, and then parts,
With diſcontent and heauineſſe of hearts;
And this laſt token ties their loues t'attend,
Euen ſo my Lord, my husband, and my friend
Did inſtitute a ſupper, that I might
Keepe him (though abſent) euermore in ſight,
And then he tooke his iorney with great paine,
But with farre greater Honor came againe.

My

My Prince I know thy day diſolu'd my night,
Thy heauy burthen made my burthen light,
Thy purple robe di'd red with my offence,
Bought me a coate as white as innocence,
Thy thorne's my crowne, thy reeds my ſcepter, and
Thy death's my life, (my faith doth vnderſtand)
Thy blood's the fountaine waſh'd my ſoule from ſin,
Thy wounds the gates, to let me enter in,
And that wound in thy ſide doth this impart,
That thou intends to lodge me in thy heart,
And made thy paſſage ready, the vailes rent,
Makes me deſpiſe th'earth for I'm confident,
Thy cities gates wide open I behold,
And who'ill be pleaſ'd with leade, that may haue gold?
My Lord I will not, heauen is my home,
And I'll not let thee goe, before I come,
To ſhare part of thy glory; I am thine,
And my faith tels me that thy kingdome's mine,
I know and do beleeue this, and I truſt
My ſeat's made, in the manſion of the iuſt,

My

And

And for that place I'm bound, in the meane time,
That I, in all my actions may ſhew thine,
I'm furniſhing my ſelfe, and I will ayme,
To weare my robes for th'honor of thy name,
I'll firſt put on obedience, and applie,
My ſelfe t'attend vpon thy Maieſtie.
With dilligence and with religious feare,
Thy law I'll ſtudy, and thy world I'll heare,
Stife-neck'd rebellion I will neuer know,
My power ſhall be beſtow'd for to beſtow,
Loues legacies on thee, at thy command,
My inward heart and my externall hand,
Shall purpoſe and diſpoſe, and to thy throne,
I'll offer both my owners and my owne:
Thy meſſengers and miniſters, I'll giue
Their honor and reſpect, and ſtriue to liue
So carefully, and free from all offence,
As one that ne're knew diſobedience,
Although whilſt my poore ſoule is Iapt in fleſh,
It's cloth'd with ſorrow, and with ſinfulneſſe:

Yet with ſuch holy feare, I'll ſpend my time,
Thou 'll pleaſe to ſay, my ſinnes are none of mine,
They ſhall be done ſ'vnwillingly, my fleſh
I know well is betroth'd to guiltineſſe,
But not by my conſent, I doe much ill,
And Lord thou knoweſt I do't againſt my will:
Sinne dwelleth in me, and muah 'ill contriues,
T'effect much miſchiefe, and (vnkindly) ſtriues,
To burthen me Lord, how ſhall I 't preuent?
Since I am both guilty, and innocent.
The fleſh being mine, the ſinnes ſay ſo are they,
Yet ſince my will ne'er will'd to diſobey
Thy ordinances, do thou plead my cauſe,
And if I periſh vnder *Moſes* lawes,
Let me appeale to my *Meſſias* grace,
And there find comfort. I will ſeeke thy face,
But not preſumptuouſly, as *Mary* came
(Poore woman) burthen'd both with ſinne, and ſhame,
Into the houſe where once thou ſate to eate,
And well conſidering that her ſinnes were greate,

Preſum'd not to behold thy face, but kept
Behind thy backe, and there kneel'd downe and wept,
And for a ſinners ſacrifice, moſt meete,
Dropt pearle-like teares vpon thy pretious feete,
And gladly waſht them, and with her heads-haire,
Carefully wipes them dry to leaue them faire,
And with th'imbraces that beſt fits a friend,
And many louing kiſſes makes, an end.
Euen ſo my gracious Lord, I come to thee,
With many faults, and much humilitie,
Knowing my blemiſh I'm afraid of blame,
And being laden both with ſinne, and ſhame,
Willing to hide my face, waſh, wipe, and weepe,
Or any meaſures ſinners ought to keepe;
Wiſhing (with *Mary*) my releaſe to winne,
I craue my loue might couer all my ſinne,
My Chriſt, my loue is true, and as it were,
Ioyned and mixed with a reuerent feare,
To make it perfect, lend thy gracious skill,
To make my worke as proper as my will;

Vouchſafe

Vouchſafe to mend what is in me amiſſe,
It is both for thy honor, and my bliſſe,
The old man's crucifi'd, and I'm new borne,
I've left my chaffe, and I expect thy corne.

FINIS.

THE EPISTLE OF THE BRIDE TO *her Lord, containing her Petitions.*

A Legacy, ſpiritually compoſed for the gracious ſurney of the Right *Reuerend Father in God,* IOHN *Lord Biſhop of* Cheſter, *&c.*

By,
Auguſtine Taylor, Preacher, and Miniſter, in the *Church of God.*

LONDON,
Printed by *Nicholas Okes.* 1623.

TO THE RIGHT REVERENT FATHER IN GOD, IOHN, *by Diuine Prouidence, Lord* Biſhop, of *Cheſter. &c.*

Moſt Worthy Lord:

IF for your gracious fauours vnto mee,
My loue and ſeruice can e're make amends,
Both are at your diſpoſe, and you ſhall ſee,
I'll ranke your name, among ſt my noble friends;
And no diſhonor to your Honor, for
I bring not th'offring of a monitor,
But of one that would be admoniſhed,
At your diſpoſe (you are as 'twere my head.
Learn'd Prince of Preachers, whoſe celeſtiall voyce,
Contracts a King to willing audience,
Accep't theſe lines, and I'll maintaine my choyce,
Is the true Image of true excellence:

The Epistle Dedicatory.

'Tis inward ioy to mee, to see men note,
Me clothed in a shred of Chester scoate,
It is a robe of honor, and maintain'd,
By Chesters *Lord vnwronged, and vnstain'd.*
My gracious Lord mistake me not, I do
Present with reuerence, and humility,
These to your Lordship, they belong vnto
Your Honor onely: Not presumptuously,
I eternize your name, but with regard,
And your free Patronage, is my reward,
Bestow it then, and for your share doth rest,
Both all my all, and of my all the best.

Contracted to your Lordship,
with the bands of true
affection,

Augustine Taylor.

THE ARGVMENT.

As harrowing after sowing fits
So the Bride wraps her will,
In prayers, and her plants commits,
T'her Lord, in Syon *hill.*

LOrd, be not angry that I stay so long,
I would (I will) not leaue thee, if I wrong
Thee, or my selfe, with troublesome attempts,
Since mercies lawes poore weakenesse still exempts
From punishment, for commonly we see,
Weakenesse acts none, but her owne iniury;
Then since she punisheth her owne transgression,
To chastice her againe, were meere oppression:
Pardon me Lord, for I am forc'd to speake,
Channells o're charg'd with water, needs must breake,
Into the neighbouring lands, and cooles the plaines,
With the moyst land-blood, of their too full vaines:
My heart's the fountaine, and my tong's the brooke,
Wherein flowes all my passions: Ouer-looke
Her fruitlesse inundations I requeste,
Conceiue the baser, but receiue the best,
They both proceede from loue, and can loue erre,
I know she may, but what man will preferre

Complaints againſt (vnfained loues) offence,
None, for 'twould argue hate to innocence?
I know thy nature's gracious, and I'ntreate,
Since thou art better pleaſ'd to bleſſe then beate,
Say not my ſinnes are ſinnes, make good of ill,
Although they be my workes, th'are not my will,
My God thou knoweſt it well; and ſince I haue
Promiſ'd thee ſome good ſeruice, I muſt craue
Thy fauours to perform it, thou muſt breede,
Th'originall in me of will and deede,
For any good, and firſt I humbly pray
Increaſe my faith, that the foundation may
Vphold and honor all the vpper parts
Of all my buildings: thou do'ſt know my hearts,
Deſire is onely t'entertaine thoſe things,
That my ſaluation, and thy honor brings,
Furniſh me ſo with faith, that my grand-foe,
Attempting to effect my ouer-thowe,
May faile, and fall, and vaniſh, giue me that
Faith that ſet *Noah* vpon mount *Ararat*,

That

That which remou'd *Henoch* from of the earth,
And without death a gaue cæleſtiall birth:
I doe but wiſh that ſword to vanquiſh ſinne,
Which *Dauid* brought 'gainſt th' vgly *Philiſtime*.
When woes be ſet me round, and ſinne and death,
Then let my faith aduance me from beneath,
To thy abiding City 'mongſt the iuſt,
Lord of thy mercy change my faith to truſt,
Faith doth confeſſe Chriſt but truſt doth perſwade,
The ſpotleſſe offerings that my Ieſus made,
Were mine, and for my ſinne, and ſoules reliefe,
This I beleeue, Lord helpe my vnbeliefe.
Another thing I craue, is patience to,
Accept contentedly, and vndergo
Afflictions that may happen, grant to mee
Such ſtore of patience in all miſery,
That my deſerts may cauſe report to ſpread,
"*Iobs* deareſt daughter liues, though he be dead:
Teach me to welcome ſorrow 'mongſt the reſt,
Of other paſſions that poſſeſſe my breſt,

Make patience power the greateſt, that I may
Paſſe the worlds nights, to heauens glorious day:
Next furniſh me with ſtrength make me of might,
To maintaine combate in thy Goſpells right,
And to my ſtrength, adde valour, for theſe too,
Being diuided can no ſeruice doo,
To merit thankes or prayſe, the foes intent,
Preuaileth when my valour's impotent,
And when my ſtrength wants valour, I am like
To looſe the field, becauſe I dare not ſtrike:
Therefore I ſue, for both th'are fit'ſt for mee,
Becauſe I but deſire them t'honor thee.
Then make a ſword of both, to cut off ſtrife,
Venter thou it, and I will venter life;
And yet I venter nothing, for I know
I haue nothing but what thou didſt beſtow,
And as thy owne command it, thine I reſt,
The beſt of ſeruants can but do her beſt.
Yet gracious Lord, direct me how to make,
(Euen for thy paſſion, and compaſſion ſake,)

My

My prayers more compleat, becauſe I haue,
Great neede of many things, and cannot craue,
So as I may obtaine, except the moſt
Powerfull aſſiſtance of the holy Ghoſt,
Helpe to preferre my ſacrifice: if thou
Will ſome more pacience vnto me allow,
To temper all my paſſions, in ſuch meaſure
That neither ſorrowes nor deluding pleaſure,
Poſſeſſe me with exceſſe: then I ſhall doo,
Thee (ſoueraigne) honor, and me (ſubiect) too:
To make thy Bride victorious, I do pray,
With reuerence, loue, and feare, that I ſtill may,
Inioy that pacience, which can bring me paſt
The blew-red vaile, with victory at laſt,
Into thy holieſt holy: here beneath,
Afflictions, miſeries, cares, feares, doome, and death,
Fills all my dayes ſo full of diſcontent,
That till I ſee that ladder thou once ſent,

My

Vnto

Vnto my Father *Iacob*, ſet for mee,
T'aſcend I looke for noe felicity,
My Lord, by all the gracious promiſes,
Of thine, betweene the firſt of *Geneſis*,
And the Omega, of thy ſacred booke,
And by the paines that my Meſſias tooke,
By his vnualeu'd merrits, and by all
He ſayd or did from's birth t'his funerall,
Free me from all my ſinnes, and now remoue,
The clouds of ſinne, and vengeance from aboue,
That my voyce may come to thy ſacred eares,
And fetch my pardon, from theſe cares, and feares,
Lord quit me out of hand, and let me ſee,
The glorious ſtate of immortalitie.
I'm weary of theſe nether-lands, and would
Come ſee my dowery, that with pureſt gold,
Thou haſt ſo richly wall'd, and pau'd ſo faire
With Berill, Topaz, and ſuch ſtones as are,

Moſt fit in forme, aud beauty; I intreate,
That as thou haſt prouided me a ſeate
In *Syon* thy moſt holy, heauenly hill,
Thou'll place me in't, O let it be thy will,
To helpe me home in haſt, that now I may
Change my blacke night, for thy bright endleſſe day.

FINIS.

Moſt

AN EPISTLE

OR

A Legacy, for the vſe of the *Right Reuerend Father in God*, IOHN, Lord Biſhop, of the Iſles *of Man, &c.*

By

Auguſtine Taylor, Preacher, and Miniſter *of the Lord, our God, at* Hawarden.

LONDON,
Printed, by *Nicholas Okes*. 1623.

TO THE RIGHT REuerent Father in God, *Iohn* by the *Diuine Prouidence*, *Lord Bishop of* the Isles of *Man*, Rector of *Hawarden*, &c.

MY Lord you know a heauenly muse, should bee
Esteemed as men prize eternitie,
I know your breast containes a muse diuine,
And therefore will not vnder-value mine,
Of all that liue I dare a fauour claime,
But those (whose all shall perish with their name.
Right Reuerend *Phillips*, *Phillip* the great King
Of *Macedon* did cause a child to bring,
Quotidian warning thus, (for him to scan)
"*Phillip* remember thou art but a man:
A fairer title, I deliuer can,
Phillis consider you are Lord of *Man*,
Both men and man approues it in that Ile,
You haue sate graciously, a happy while,
Vnto mans makers glory and your prayse,
Amongst most reuerent Bishops, all your dayes

Shall

Shall be accounted happy: many aime
At profitable Lordſhips, and for gaine,
Are Lords of more but baſer mettle farre,
As farre as doth the Sunne, exceede a Starre:
(Men ſhould beleeue it, becauſe God hath ſayd)
Man doth exceede all workes that e're God made,
Stay, man the ſoyle? no, man the ſoule is bleſt,
I grant that truth, and then it needs muſt reſt,
Y'are Lord of both, others but of the ſoyle,
Their couetous carefulneſſe, and temp'rall toyle
Affirmes no leſſe, whereas your Lordſhip may,
With much content, with Princely *Dauid* ſay:
"The place wherein my lot to me befell,
"Is paſſing faire, and like me wondrous well.
You might haue bathed in a greater fountaine,
But a ſmall Dyamond's worth, a mighty mountaine,
Some leſſer things are priz'd, the great'ſt aboue,
"The quality not quantity breeds loue;
Happy was man to haue the man of God
Find out her port, he hath remou'd the rod

Of

Of wrath and fury out of all her coasts,
And how to call vpon the Lord of Hoasts,
In her owne language he hath taught her know,
Such benefits good Bishops doe bestow,
Vpon their flocke: Now babes and sucklings can,
And doe extoll the Lord of Heauen, and man:
Pitty 't had beene you should haue left the Ile,
For your preferment, better many smile,
Then one, and it is better that one loose,
Then many, I haue knowne your Lordship choose,
To preferre generall before speciall good,
Your pious learned care 'tis vnderstood:
Hath truely (newly) setled all the land,
And taught the ignorant to vnderstand
The holy word of God, and 'tis thought fit,
You honor God, your King, and selfe by it,
In seeing that establisht yo'aue begune
Ioy in it Lord, you haue more honor woone,
By making th'ignorant intelligent,
"Of God and men, then euer shall be spent.

My friends (the cauſe I prayſe) this Lord's to mee,
As neare and deare as *Paul* to *Tymothie.*
What erſt was ruin'd by the great neglect
Of's predeceſſors he doth re-erect,
In ſumptuous ſtately wiſe, and whereas they
But onely ſought the land to fetch a pray,
And hauing found it would be blowne away,
If but a ſide wind came: this doth not ſoe,
But with the hand of bounty doth beſtow,
Vpon the land what it affords to him,
He doth not teach her plenties how to ſwim,
From her, and leaue her poore: a true report
Sayth hee hath made a cottage in a Court,
That well may lodge a Prince, and ſeated ſo
Sit on the Towers, and turne thee too and fro,
And all the Kings dominions thou mayſt ſee,
England, Cambria, Ireland, Albanie,
And in his Lordly houſe hee dayly ſpends,
Great pious plenty among'ſt all his friends:

Man was a woman (before he came there)
And pluckt the fruit forbidden, but now feare
Of that ſinnes puniſhment, by him made knowne,
Hath ſet the man vp, and caſt the woe downe.
Long may Gods bleſſings, and my Lord together,
Tranſport from hence to man, and from man hither;
And Lord be pleaſ'd that I both long and well
M'attend the ſteps of my gamalie.
My Lord take this in token of my loue,
And when your better part is ſoar'd aboue,
And left the reſt for earth, theſe lines ſhall laſt,
When earth, and men, and times and Toombs ſhall waſt.

Truely affected to ſee duely effected,
my office (vnto your Lordſhip)
in Gods ſeruice,

AVGVSTINE TAYLOR.

TO HIS VVORSHIP-FVLL, AND WORTHY, Faithfull Friends, and Louers, in *the (Epiſcopall Iuriſdiction) Pariſh of* Hawarden, *in* Flint-ſhire.

* * *

Truely beloued:

MY faithfull ſeruice, and my pureſt loue,
Shall waite on you, till loue and ſeruice failes,
(I ſpeake in earneſt) next thoſe ioyes aboue,
I loue your Syon, loue (God ſayth) preuailes
To couer many faults, I doe deſire,
My loue that's kindl'd (now) with holy fire,
May purchace your affections, and my beſt,
And all my all, at your diſpoſe ſhall reſt.
Yet I beſeech you, not miſtake me much,
If from the firſt to th'laſt any one doth
Affect me truely, my free nature's ſuch,
Thoſe ſhall command my loue, and ſeruice both:
I'll doe my beſt for all, yea euen for thoſe,
(If there be ſuch) that ſtriue to be my foes,
I loue, but doth not feare theſe earthly powers,
There is a will aboue this will of owers,

That can doe what he will. It is with him,
That you and I muſt reckon for our ſinne,
And not amongſt our ſelues, true Chriſtians muſt
Indeauour ſtill to make each other iuſt,
And ſeeke the ſhame of none, which bleſſed act
Will men together vnto God contract,
"Take this it comes from him that ſtill will proue,
Yours both in duty, and vnfeigned loue.

Auguſtine Taylor

A VVATCH.

COMPOSED FOR, *AND DEDICATED to the ſeruice of the Right Honorable* WILLIAM Earle of DERBY, *Barron* Stanley, *Lord* Strange *of Knockin*, and of *Man*: Knight of the *moſt Noble order of the Garter, Leiutenant, and Chamber-laine, of the* Counties Palatines of *Cheſter*, and *Lancaſter*, &c.

By His Honors moſt obſeruant ſeruant, *Auguſtine Taylor*, Preacher, and Miniſter, at *Hawarden*, in *Flint-ſhire*.

LONDON,
Printed by *Nicholas Okes*. 1623.

The Argvment.

The times are ſpid'e to go on crutches, and
Goes very faſt, and therefore very ill:
Heauen is proud the beſt hauen where to land,
Reſpect of faithfull friendſhip's wiſhed ſtill.
Honor's examin'd, and thoſe parts made plaine,
Which beſt befits her breſt to entertaine,
Blacke Enuy's challeng'd, and her force defide:
Nobility rides by Derbyes *Loraly ſide.*

STay *Derbyes* Earle and pauſe a little, for
'Tis fit each *Phillip* haue his monitor,
As duely as his day, onely to know,
Himſelfe as well in ſubſtance as in ſhow:
The time meanes miſchiefe, and her plots to ſmother,
Promiſeth one thing, and pretends another,
Gainſayes the will of the great legiſlator,
And giues to *Eſau* wine, to *Iacob* water,
Contemnes the beſt, and doth the baſe adore,
Feeds the foole fat, and keepes the wiſeman poore,
Honors the bad, and doth the good diſgrace,
Lookes vpon merrit, but with halfe a face,
Keepes true worth faſting, yet deales out of meaſure,
(But thus) pence for deſets, and pounds for pleaſure.

T auoyde

Derbyes Watch.

T'auoyde the worſt, that time and men can do,
Mans and times God appoynts vs here vnto,
To alter our affections, and remoue them (them.
From earth to dwell where's nought but God aboue
Watch noble Lord, for I feare we ſhall ſee,
The times ſo ſicke with mutabillitie,
They will intreate a purge, and you ſhall trie,
The good ſhall be reſtor'd, the wicked die:
My Lord we haue a warrant lets vs know,
There's many things are done in earth below,
And all *aut amiſſi, aut permiſſi* from,
A power that ruleth all but's rul'd by none,
We are at his diſpoſe, when his decree,
Will breake the necke of *Caſars* royaltie,
Rome cannot peece it, therefore him to feare,
(That is impartiall and that ſcornes to beare
Corrupt affection) 'tis our beſt (to honor)
Grace ſhould haue meaſure, ſtill to waite vpon her;
And conſtancy, experience makes it knowne,
Fauours doe neuer ſpring, that are not ſowne:

Vpon

Derbyes VVatch.

Vpon the ſoyle of merrit : I did dreame,
Minnions too mighty makes Monarcks too meane,
As ſparing graces neuer prayſe could winne,
So fauours out of meaſure are meere ſinne,
The great King giues his graces t'all ſo true,
That none hath leſſe, that none hath more then due,
And his affection's laſting. Euen ſo
I know you learne at him, ſince you beſtow
Your graces vpon goodneſſe, doe ſo ſtill,
And bleſt ſhall be your actions, and your will :
Long may you liue to fill your noble ſeate,
"A few ſuch great men, would make good men great.
Therefore I wiſh your life, and that you may,
With much content, tell many a happy day,
Of grace, and one of glory t'euer laſt,
That your true honor, ne'er be ouer-caſt ;
And that you euer may ſtand faſt, and faire,
A piller vpon earth, a ſtarre in th'ayre,
Conſider what theſe following lines afford,
"The ſeruant may (ſometimes) direct his Lord.

There's

Derbyes Watch.

There's one thing neceſſary it is ſayd,
And *ipſe dixit* who hath all things made,
And that's a *ſummum bonum*, where at man
Should onely ayme becauſe he never can
Be ſatiſfi'd, vntill haue vnderſtood,
The glorious fulneſſe of this ſoueraigne good,
I know your ayme's at that ſo let it be,
The firſt foundation of nobilitie,
Was faith in God, the building feare and loue;
Kings wills are powerfull but that will aboue,
Proceeding from Iehouah, all of them
That would change *vana ſpe* for *certam ſpem*,
Muſt reuerently obey: thoſe curſed bee,
That onely truſt in earthly maieſtie,
And you ſhall ſee them periſh, he that would
Reape houor to fetch home pure Ophir gold,
Scornes to returne with baſer mettle: ſo
He that, to *Magnus Rex* may freely go,
And's promiſ'd entertainement, doth diſdaine
To ſpend's beſt time and treaſure in the traine

Of

Derbyes Watch.

Of an Inferiour Prince, man ſhould delight,
"In things that yeelds both God and Cæſar right:
Therefore I ſay it's good, and I'll ſay ſtill,
"It's beſt ſerue him that can doe what he will.
This dayly duely done, the next you do,
Eu'ry attendant that belongs vnto
Your Honor, either faſtned by the linckes
Of loue or duty, wiſe one 'twere me thinkes,
And pollicy, and horror to reſpect,
All loues and dutyes with ſuch meete reſpect,
As prudence may proportion: ſome there are
Knowes you but by report, that would not ſpare,
Their liues and treaſures t'expreſſe *Derbyes* worth,
To keepe the Eagle famous in the North:
Pitty it were that thoſe that loues you beſt,
Should looſe their loues, and be regarded leaſt;
And pitty 'twere that thoſe that loues you not,
Should be reſpected, and the reſt forgot,
That peace and loue within your walles may ſtand,
Reſolue like *Dauid* when he tooke in hand,

Derbyes VVatch.

The gouernment of *Israell*, theſe things,
He vow'd t'obſerue vnto the King of Kings,
"Mercy and iuſtice I will ſing to thee,
And in my houſe, with ſuch integrity
I doe intend to liue, that men ſhall tell,
The Lord beſtow'd his crowne and ſcepter well.
I will attempt no wicked thing at all,
The faithleſſe aud the froward neuer ſhall,
Poſſeſſe my ſmalleſt fauours: I doe hate,
The proud and haughty, and I'll ruinate,
The ſlanderer, the flatterer, and the proud,
Neither my court nor kingdome hath allow'd
A reſting place; all thoſe that maketh ties,
And loues deceipt I vtterly diſpiſe:
The charitable, faithfull, meeke, and free,
Are onely choſen ſeruants vnto mee.
Right Noble Earle, let *Dauids* Princely minde,
Lodge in your Lordly breſt, let all thoſe finde,
Protection from your Honor, that maintaine,
Publike and priuate Stanleys, Stainleſſe name.

Derbyes VVatch.

Do not guild Paraſits prayſe, it's but a blaſt,
But guild that frame in which your name ſhall laſt,
Defend thoſe that defend your Honor, and
Thoſe that giue you their hearts giue them your hand,
Your countenance ſhining as it ought and may,
Comforts your followers as the Sunne doth day.
It is examin'd and 'tis vnderſtood
The Iſles are peopl'd with more bad then good,
Since enemies doe ſpring, as thicke as weedes,
The ſhrub's the ſaffeſt, 'tis the Cedar needes,
Supporting to withſtand the furious winds,
'Tis onely my affection that me binds,
T'aduiſe my Lord, although I dare not bet,
That *ſuper ſenes intellexi*, yet,
I know what's fit, to boaſt I'm not allow'd,
"I'm proud of nothing, but that I'm not proud,
I'll tell ſome things I know, and ſome I doubt,
There are ſome ſetches, their beſt treaſures out,
Of *Derbyes* Earledome, thence they cloath, and feaſt,
And gaines moſt by you, and yet loues you leaſt?

Truſt

Derbyes Watch.

Truſt but a few let not thoſe that delights,
To ſteale your Eagles feather, trimp their kits,
Steale both your gaine, and Honor. *Moſes* ſings,
God carri'd *Iſraell* once on Eagles wings,
From *Pharaohs* fury, and ſo did expreſſe,
His power and loue in ſeas and wilderneſſe;
Thoſe he lou'd he deliuer'd all the reſt,
He reſtleſſe left: to learne at him it's beſt,
And charge your Eagle, as ſhe doth reſpect,
The fauours of her Lord that ſhe accept
None, neither vnder, nor vpon her wings
But friendly ones, that's onely thoſe that brings,
Pledges of loue and duty: then ſhall thoſe
That (publicke dares not) be but priuate foes,
To *Derbyes* Honor quickly proued bee,
And this a pious courſe, and pollicie:
Scorne all baſe mettle, and as *Salomon* would,
Haue all his veſſells made of pureſt gold,
And counted ſilver baſe, doe you like him,
Shut vp your Lordly breſt, and let none in

But

But choyceſt, chiefeſt men, and looke they bee
All truely furniſht with ſome qualitie,
Worthy an Earles reſpect, for ſayth the ſtory,
The Moone among the clouds looſeth her glory,
But if ſhattended be with Starres of light,
"Showes as ſhe ment to make a day of night:
He his owne goodneſſe ſcales, and's greatneſſe ſaues,
"That keepes himſelfe vnſtain'd with fooles and knaues,
Maintaine your ſtate, and thoſe that truely loue it,
"And all ſhall ſtumble, that would ſteppe aboue it.
For too much lowlineſſe and clemencie,
None ſhould be blam'd, yet there's ſome vice we ſee
Proceedeth from theſe vertues, ſome repent
Their humbleneſſe, becauſe it breeds contempt,
Vertues may be miſtaken, bleſſings vſ'd,
"Are bleſſings ſtill, but curſings being abuſ'd:
Your gracious clemency hath beene to all
So largly ſhow'd, that my pen freely ſhall,
Record it to the times to come. Who can
Not tell and teſtifie, a noble man

Derbyes VVatch.

Should be both Lambe and Lyon-like the firſt
To match the beſt, the laſt t'ore match the worſt,
So a Lambs meekeneſſe, and a Lyons might,
In great men claimes a dwelling as their right,
Both lodge in you, and I do ſmell a ſauor,
Proceed from *Derby*, both of force and fauour,
Which your creſt claimeth in your rights defence,
Th'Eagle ſhowes power, the child ſhowes iunocence:
Your ſpirit's Princely like the Eagles, and
'Tis as the infants meeke, (but vnderſtand)
Leaſt childiſhly you conſtrue, I'll tell thee
That comprehends not his nobillitie,
And wonder not th'art not intelligent,
The earth is thine, the ayre's his element,
He's witty, wiſe, and valorous, knowes his meaſure,
He ſmites not *Lazarus*, and he ſooths not *Cæſar*;
The good he nouriſheth, and the bad he ſpares not,
The lowly he loues well, for the proud he cares not,
Mercy did neuer find a humaine breſt,
Allow'd her better lodging, 'mongſt the reſt

Of's

Derbyes VVatch.

Of's vertues, Iuſtice ſits (true Princeſſe like)
She will lift vp the ſword, but's loath to ſtrike:
Becauſe ſhe knowes God liſt not iuſtice try,
By's threatning *Iſacke*, when the ram did dye.
Bounty adornes his hand, and ſacred loue,
Guids both his words and actions, the white doue
Of innocence hath brought him Manna t'eate,
And nurſt him ſo well he's as good as greate,
If any aske in whom this wealth is ſtor'd,
I ſay in *Derbyes* Earle, my louing Lord:
They ſay in Courts men longeſt keepe their places,
If they can patiently receiue diſgraces,
And render thankes: but it were better dwell,
With *Lot* in *Bela*, where no dangers ſwell,
Then in the fayrer plaines, that lyes too low,
Which *Iordans* ſtreames hath leaue to ouer-flow.
The Eagle's wife, and betweene tweed and dee,
Inioyes ſuch ſtore of happy libertie,
As well might pleaſe a Prince, tweed ſpeakes your fame,
Ribl's your ſeruant, mercy knowes your name,

Commands his fruitfull ſhores, fayre dee doth meane,
The treaſures, in or by his holy ſtreame,
To tender as your due, and as his duty,
And in a word examine but what beauty,
The North containes, and in loue as 'tis fit,
Both are at your diſpoſe, the North and it.
God that doth all things well, hath order giuen,
To beautifie the earth, (as well as Heauen)
Veiwe the ætheriall region, and there ſee,
The glorious frame of that great canopie,
Seemes to be nayl'd with ſtarres, and in ſuch wiſe
They are aſign'd their places in the skies,
By admirable skill, the Heauens expreſſe
About each greater light, millions of leſſe,
Doe ſtill attend, by loue together knit,
Both to adde honor, to themſelues and it:
Men are ſo plac'd on earth, th'earth doth afford,
Thouſands of ſeruants to attend one Lord;
You are made ſtrong by them, they ſtrong by you,
If there be any dim lights th'are vntrue,

And meanes to adde no honor to your name,
They liue with enuy, and ſhall end with ſhame.
Now let pale enuy, (whoſe ill tutor'd tong,
Is hourely vtt'ring infamy, and wrong)
Spit all her poyſon, vpon *Derby's* name,
She cannot adde a ſpot: the lippes of fame
Haue ſworne, and kiſſ'd the booke neither bee
Silent, nor ſubiect vnto flatterie,
My Lord my muſe did vowe your worth and name,
To regiſter, and choſe this laſting frame,
And hath made truth her witneſſe, any come
And catch me with a lie, and I'll be dumbe
For euer after, know I ſcorne to proue
A parаſite, either for for feare or loue:
Liue to augment your Honors, ſtill to be
Belou'd of God, King, ſtate, land, men, and me.

Your Honors already, and onely ready, to be yours,

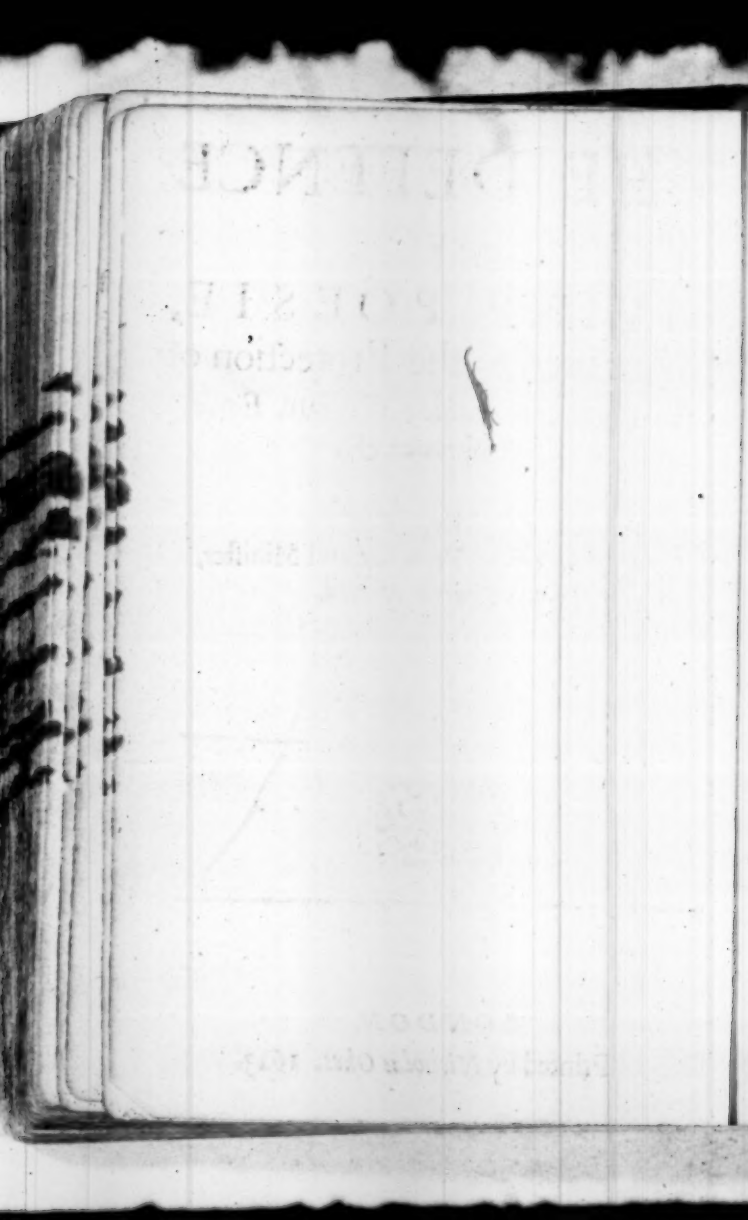
Auguſtine Taylor.

THE DEFENCE OF DIVINE POESIE,

Committed to the Protection of *the Right Honorable*, William *Earle of* Pembrooke, *&c.*

By,
Auguſtine Taylor, Preacher, and Miniſter,
in the *Church of God.*

LONDON,
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TO THE RIGHT HONO-
rable, *William* Lord *Harbert*, Earle of *Pembrooke*, Barron *Harbert* of *Cardiffe*, Lord Parr Roos *of* Reudall, Marmion, *and St.* Quintin, *Chiefe Chamberlaine of his Maieſties Houſe-hold*, Gouernour of *Ports-mouth*, and Warden of the *Stanneries*, *Knight of the moſt Noble Order* of the Garter, and one of his Maieſties, moſt *Honorable Priuy Councell*, &c.

Moſt Honorable:

KIng Salomon *did chooſe to haue his Throne,*
Borne vp with Lyons, and admitted none.
Of baſer beaſts that ſhould imployed bee,
In office neare vnto his dignitie,
Accounting wolues, and aſſes beaſts too baſe,
To be imployd about a Throne of grace.
Your greatneſſe being goodneſſe doth affect,
The beſt ſupporters, becauſe you protect,
Both art, and wit, and grace, I wiſh to bee
Preſeruer of your pious dignitie:
Great Earle, a Diuine muſe vnto you brings,
A ſacrifice worth the reſpect of Kings,

Not

The Epiſtle Dedicatory.

Not for my merit, by whom now it comes,
But for his merits that hath brought the ſonnes
Of Adam *backe to* Eden, *giue to mee,*
Such fauours as befits the miniſtrie;
And for requitall God giue you, I'll pray,
Many good yeares, and then one laſting day.

Willing to doe your Honor any
Chriſtian ſeruice, in the power of

AVGVSTINE TAYLOR.

The Argvment.

The ſeaſon's poyſon'd with abuſiue wits,
Faire poeſi's vſd to ſerue the baſeſt vſe,
Wit guilt with grace, the ſubiect beſt befits:
No muſicke's eqnall to a Heauenly muſe,
Wit chooſing the beſt ſubiects to worke on,
Shall find glory with God, and grace with man.

OVr Phyſicke-Doctors ſay, the times are ſicke,
But I ſay no, the times are lunaticke:
Yet madneſſe is a ſickneſſe, but I know
It is not in their el'ment to beſtow
Remedy on't, God hath ſayd wiſedom's mine,
They meddle with things carnall, not diuine:
If God doe not in time ſome helpe apply,
Vnto theſe times, both times and men muſt dye,
He that can well conceiue may much admire,
To ſee vnto what hight mens wits aſpire,
T'aduance the Towers of *Babell*, and to ſee
So few ſtriue to maintaine the dignitie
Of bleſſed *Bethell*, baſe, vile god-leſſe, wits
Counts it more grace to paſſionate the fits,
Of damn'd adultry, murther, blaſphemie,
Deceipt and lying, then it is to bee,
A carefull ſtudent in Diuinitie,

So

So many breaſts ſends forth vnhallow'd breath,
The very ayre's infected, clouds of death,
Are ſhapen in the skie for vengeance, and
Shall be diſperſt abrode, by the left hand
Of God in's anger to kill and condemne
Nations, and people, that doe him contemne.
I doe wiſh thoſe that ſo abuſe their times,
Adulterers-like conceiuing graceleſſe rimes,
To humor earth, thoſe that delude the ſeaſon,
With pounds of wit, but not halfe drammes of reaſon,
T'reforme themſelues, for better harmonie,
And ſeeming men, be as they ſeeme to bee.
A creature reaſonable, God did make man,
And he ought dayly to doe all he can,
To rayſe his glory, and his acts to tell,
That gaue him's being, and his being well:
Reaſonleſſe I eſteeme, thoſe that doe ſpend,
Their adle braines on idle things that end,
In th'houre they are begunne, and doe not prayſe
The acts of dayes of life, but acts of dayes,

Of death, and deſolation pray you ſcan,
There is a man, and a thing like a man,
'Tis plaine, that euery like, is not the ſame,
So ſome haue th'inward fruite, ſome th'outward frame,
Some haue the ſubſtance, ſome haue but the ſhow,
Some bad are ſet aboue, ſome good below,
Some diuine wits ſtill ſings of things aboue,
Some (fooliſhly) breaths nought, but earthly loue,
Some loues the temp'rall, ſome the ſpirituall food,
For ſome are fram'd for ill, and ſome for good:
Some poets ſings of loue, and ſome of hate,
Some loues the common, ſome commends the ſtate,
Some flatters greatneſſe, ſome contemnes the poore,
Some men haue fewer faults, and ſome haue more,
But all haue ſome, and ſome haue all, for ſtill,
Some ſparkes of enuy's mixed with good-will:
Some loues vnfit ſpeech, ſome words moſt meete,
Some haue a ſtinking breath, and ſome a ſweete:
Some liues in feare of men, ſome feares but God,
Some ſeekes the ſtaffe, and ſome deſerues the rod,

Man is inriched both with art and nature,
T'expreſſe the glory of the all Creator,
Weapons of Honor God giues man to vſe,
And with thoſe weapons they doe him abuſe:
God giues vs arte, and wit, and reaſon too,
And grace to will, and likewiſe grace to do,
If we intreate ſo much, you ne'r find ſhall,
From the firſt day vnto the funerall,
Of this old world did e're deny,
His mercy vnto men in miſery,
If beg'd with faith and meekneſſe: whither hath
His fond affection led him? T'a wrong path,
That he forgets ſo good a Lord ſo long,
And with's owne weapons ſeekes to doe him wrong.
All mans good parts are ſent him from aboue,
And man to manifeſt his makers, loue
Should ſet them all to worke, 'tis vnderſtood,
God doth require but thankes for all the good
That he beſtowes on all, regard therefore,
His wage is potent, though your worke be poore.

Diuine Poeſie.

Mans tong ſhould preach and pray, his heart beleeue,
The eare muſt heare, th'eyes ſee, the hands releeue;
Each member muſt remember th'head of all,
And all, and each muſt ſerue the principall.
I'm t'old (and I beleeue it) from aboue,
Gifts are deſcending from the God of loue,
Some with ſome gifts are bleſſed, ſome with other,
But no man ought his gifts of grace to ſmother,
Or wrong apply them for the Lord hath ſhow'd,
Gifts be apply'd to th'end they are beſtow'd,
Some ſings with *Dauid*, ſome with *Iob* laments,
Some ſinnes with both, and ſome with both repents,
Some fights like *Ioſuah*, and like *Ioſuah* winnes,
Some flyes the field when th'honor but beginnes;
Some ſhuns the danger, thoſe looſe the renowne,
Some beares the croſſe, and thoſe ſhall weare the crowne
Some like the chaffe, before the winds are gone,
Some like Cedars on mount *Lebanon*
Proſper and flouriſh, faire, and free, and faſt,
Comely, and ſeemely both to like and laſt:

Some bidden come not, ſome vnbidden come,
Thus ſome proue wiſer (farre) then other ſome.
Some like the driuen duſt are parcht and dry'd,
Some like the branches by the riuer ſide,
Are faire and fruitfull, and doe cauſe the ſtreame,
Draw beauty and plenty with her ſiluer teame,
Vnto the good all good ſhall happen ſtill,
And vnto th'euill ill, becauſe th'are ill;
Such thing deſires it like, and ſo it comes
That *Caine's* at oddes with all his fathers ſonnes,
For hating's brethren, and contemning's God,
He ranne a vagabond to the land of *Nod*;
And liu'd vnlou'd, vnpiti'd, vnlamented,
And (ſome thinke) di'd vntimely, vnrepented,
For ſo ſhall all that doe the Lord diſpiſe,
Or offers him a broken ſacrifice.
So our lewd poets doe, God makes a poet,
And the thing made forgets, or doth not know it:
A ſpeciall good God meant vnto the earth,
Firſt when he did intend a Poets birth,

God

Gods perfect image catch it thoſe that can,
Is heauenly meaſures in an earthly man.
When *Moſes* troope, had paſſ'd the ſcarlet flood,
His inward ioy we had not vnderſtood,
But by his Hebrew ſong, and onely that,
Makes the man prayſ'd the maiſter wonder'd at:
Iordans obedience at braue *Ioſuahs* feete,
When it ſhow'd him a paſſage faire and meete,
When walls of water, ſtood like walls of glaſſe,
Vpon both hands to ſuffer him to paſſe,
And bring his army in at *Cana'ns* doore,
The land *Iehouah* promiſ'd long before.
Theſe things had beene vnknowne, and beene vnſung;
But for the muſicke of a ſacred tongue:
With *Baraks* victory, and *Siſraas* fall,
We had not beene ſo well acquainted all,
But for the heauenly muſe of *Debora*,
That *Barak* wonne the honor of the day,
That ancient *Kiſhon* waſht mount *Tabors* feete,
And all our enemies away did ſweepe,

That Heauen ſent ayde to earth, and all the Starres,
Behau'd themſelues like ſouldiers in thoſe warres,
That men intended miſchiefe and God croſt it,
That *Iaell* wonne the day, and *Iabin* loſt it,
We had not knowne, theſe had been wrong'd with death
But that th'are infants of a muſes breath.
That God doth iuſtice loue, but mercy rather,
And that althongh man's feeble earthly father
Forget him and forſake him, God will not,
This had beene vntold, or told and forgot,
But that the ſacred breath of holy man,
Preſerueth more then Braſſe or marble can:
That *Ieſſes* ſonne was fetcht from following ſheepe,
An hoaſt of men to leade defend and keepe,
That he once wore a ſheepe-hooke in his hand,
And then a royall ſcepter did command,
That he ſate in the field vpon a ſtone,
And after in the pallace on the throne,
That he was capt with wooll againſt the cold,
And after crown'd with pureſt beaten gold;

That

That of a Sheepheard God thus made a King,
And turn'd his fasting into banqueting,
That he that (sometime) follow'd ewes with yong,
Did leaue that labour, and apply'd his tong,
To prayse Iehouah in an Hebrew song: (wonders,
Gods greatnesse, goodnesse, highnesse, workes, and
We know, and had not knowne, but for his numbers.
David I meane, he that in word and deede,
Both did and sayd, for God and *Iacobs* seede:
Thankes be to *Salomon*, we are not to search,
A sacred muse betwixt Christ and his Church,
To sing the nuptials, 'tis already done,
By *Isr'els* King, and *Dauids* sacred sonne:
Asaph and *Ethan* well deserued thankes,
For placing th'Arke of God on *Sylos* bankes,
With triumph and reioyceing, *Amos* soune,
Seeing his Lord his Vineyard hath begunne
Vpon a fruitfull hill, sayd I will sing,
To my Kings Vineyard, of my Vineyards King;

And ſo proceed, and all the world yet heares,
When great Iehouah fell a dealing yeares,
To *Hezekiah Iudahs* holy King,
To gratulate his Lord, no better thing,
Had of his owne to giue, then freely trips,
A heauenly meaſure from his princely lippes;
Prayſing the God of life, death, night, and day,
"The ſcripture warrants what you heare me ſay,
That *Maries* ſoule ſo greatly did reioyce,
To heare the tidings by an angels voyce,
That ſhe ſhould be a mother and beare a ſonne,
That ſhould redeeme a wretched world (vndone)
We had beene ignorant of theſe good things,
But that glad *Mary* had amuſe, that ſings
Vnto this day, and by her muſe we know
Th'humble are ſet aboue, the proud below,
That *Simeon* in the Temple ſung (to all)
His Sauiours lullaby and's owne funerall,
That his old armes ſo happy, were t'imbrace,
The Prince and heire of glory, and of grace,

His owne tongue teſtifies; and thus I chuſe,
The ſacred ſcript of many heauenly muſe,
T'exhort wits that are bearing and doe breede,
Choyceſt inuentions, henceforth to proceede,
More regularly, religiouſly I meane,
Leaue *Babels* partched commons, ſeeke the ſtreame,
That keepes the skirts of *Hermon* euer greene,
The on's a ſtrumpet, th'other is a Queene,
And thoſe that ſtriue her beauties to expreſſe,
Shall know her matchleſſe, endleſſe happineſſe;
God ſayd, all thoſe that ſought her honor, ſhould
Be fed with Manna, and be cloath'd with gold,
And led with Angels, and haue Saints ſociety,
Ieruſalem to dwell in, and variety
Of thoſe delights, and ioyes (both all and ſome)
That God prouided, for the world to come.
But *Eſaus* timeleſſe, hapleſſe, graceleſſe, ſeede,
Shall luckleſſe liue in miſery and neede,
And be in bondage ſtill, a voyce diuine
Sayth, "*Eſau* muſt not drinke of *Iacobs* wine:
Then ſince there's due rewards layd vp for merits,
And like deſerts, like puniſhments inherits,

We'll idolize no more, nor men, nor treasure,
Let him that hath a muse can tune a measure,
To the worlds eare, bestow it in such wise,
Thaue life and honor by his sacrifice,
Leaue all rediculous fictions, take aduise,
Learne either properly to similize
The truth, or tell it plainely, you should ken,
"What's vnlike truth, should euer dislike men,
Make your proceedings perfect, and then proue,
By outward actions, your true inward loue:
Lasciuious voyces, but makes deafe the season,
Th'are stuff'd with mickle rime, but little reason,
That poesie may be honord lou'd, and prayſd,
And (like to him that gaue't) with glory rayſd,
Out of the duſt of ignorance and death,
Refuse your subiects, and refine your breath,
By sucking sweeter ayre, study to bring,
Such songs as Saints may sing before their King:
Like towers well built your workes shall last, and then
Both purchase grace with God, and loue with men.

FINIS.

AN EPISTLE,

Dedicated to the Right VVorſhipfull, Sr. *Thomas Smith* Knight, Maior *of* Cheſter, *and High Sheriffe of that County Palatine, &c.* To the Right Worſhipfull Sr. *Randall Manwaring*, Knight, &c: *Edward Whitby* Eſquire, Recorder, *William Gamwell, Iohn Ratcliffe, Robert Whitby, William Alderſey*, Charles Fitton, Hugh Williamſon, *&c. Eſquires, late Maiors of that ancient and Honorable* City; And to the Worſhipfull Mr. *Nicholas Ince*, Mr. *Thomas Whitby*, Mr. Brereton, *Mr.* Peter Drink-water, *Mr. Andrew Gamwell*, Mr. *Robert Berry*, Mr. Humphrey Lloyd *&c. Aldermen of* the ſame, *&c.* All temporall, *and eternall happineſſe*

Right Worſhipfull:

THat I thus Regiſter your worthy names,
'Tis no diſhonor, for my gift's Diuine;
You are faire Cheſters *pillers, and maintaines,*
Her royalties, ſince you doe all combine,

The Epiſtle Dedicatory.

In ſuch a perfect vnion, that I find
Though you ſeeme many, yet y'haue but one mind,
You being at one I would your one proue
Accept my ſeruice, and giue me your loue.

Your Worſhips in Gods
ſeruice,

AVGVSTINE TAYLOR.

TAYLORS EPISTLE to the Honorable, and VVorshipfull *Societies of the well Gouerned* City of Weſt-Cheſter, *&c.*

GOD that of nothing hath ſo great things made
So many and ſo glorious may perſwade,
The created, the Creator intends,
Some ſpeciall good, whereto the finall ends,
Of euery creature leads, which act diſcouers,
Nothing was made to ſerue it ſelfe but others:
As nothing made it ſelfe, it muſt needs bee,
Nothing was made to ſerue it ſelfe, we ſee
A power that ſends and ſuffers good, and ill,
"The made is ſubiect to the makers will,
The Heauens (it ſeemes were made) to ſerue the ayre,
The ayre to ſerue the earth, the earth doth ſhare,
Her ſtore to ſerue the beaſts, and foules, which feede
(Although to them vnknowne) to ſerue mans neede:
The Sunne doth ſerue with light, the clouds with raine,
The fire with heate, the cooling ſprings remaine,

To

Taylors Epiſtle.

To ſerue the ſwelting ſoule, all things that moue,
Are tokens manifeſt the makers loue,
Which both ſubmit and ſerue at mans diſpoſe,
The queſtion is man being Lord of thoſe,
By lycence giuen him from the onely king,
(Let him beare rule) if he bound to bring
His ſeruice as a ſubiect or if hee,
Being ſeru'd by others may claime ſoueraigntie
And onely ſeru'd himſelfe. I anſwere thus,
God did make all things good, man *optimus*,
Iudu'd wrth reaſon, onely to expreſſe,
His makers glory, and's owne holineſſe:
But was not made to ſerue himſelfe for God,
Teacheth ſubiection both with ſtaffe and rod,
The good the ſtaffe ſupports, to flouriſh ſtill,
The bad the rod corrects, to puniſh ill:
Man is Gods Image, and in that is ſhowne,
God did make man that man ſhold make God knowne
Gods power and prayſe, ſhould euery where be ſpred,
For what's not knowne, cannot be worſhipped.

Taylors Epiſtle.

Then ayme to do your office, that you may
With much content tell many a happy day,
On earth of grace, and one in Heauen of glory,
Obſerue the ſtatute's in the ſacred ſtory;
Honor the Lord, fight in his truths defence,
Cloath you and your in coates of innocence,
Euer ſupport the good, ſuppreſſe the ill,
This the meanes to keepe your ſtation ſtill:
Beleeue, releeue, and as you loue the Lord,
Maintaine ſuch miniſters as giue his word
A perfect true conſtruction, haue a care,
The ſelfe conceipted Schiſmatickes, that are
Not pure in life, but in opinion doo,
Not onely wrong themſelues, but others too.
Since there is but one God, and that one hath,
But one truth to direct vs in one path,
That leads to endleſſe bliſſe, it fits your place,
To giue the Preachers of it ſo much grace,
As bounty, and affection can afford,
As you haue grace by the incarnate word,

And promiſes of glory, euer ſee
Such honor giuen to the miniſtrie,
As God himſelfe commanded, and 'mongſt all
Th'Embaſſadors made Euangellicall,
Cut out rewards according to their merits,
And know thus much thoſe that ſome gifts inherits,
Aboue the reſt, are worthy more reſpect,
Becauſe thoſe gifts are ſignes they were elect,
By Gods diuine decrees, for we ſhould ſtill
Farre more by heauenly then by humaine will,
Enter the Temple, th'alter to imbrace,
Not with the armes of nature but of grace,
Truth ſhould haue trumpets to divulge her will,
Not ſuch as ſounds too often, but ſounds ſhrill,
The Church is iniur'd by a number ſuch,
As keepeth ſilence, or elſe ſpeakes too much,
Truth's ſicke, and like to dye, vnleſſe ſhe doo,
Find ſpeciall friends both good and great ones too,
As *Naomi* is alone, without a *Ruth*,
A ſad forſaken widow, ſuch is truth,

Without'em

Taylors Epiſtle.

Without'n true ſupporters, be you then,
(As you are principals 'mongſt many men:)
Of *Dauids* perfect mind, when he did ſing
Of mercy and iuſtice, to his Lord and King;
Oh imitate him with a free conſent,
You are the Cities ſtarres, whoſe gouerment
Commandeth millions, and your houſes bee,
The Cities ſchooles where all the reſt ſhould ſee,
Peace, pyety, bounty, loue, and decencie,
Cheriſh the vertuous, and all goodneſſe grace,
Looke on th'offenders but with halfe a face,
Baniſh the bad, and doe the good adore,
Fauour not Paraſites, rather feede the poore,
Seeke for the loue of all, becauſe 'tis prou'd,
The ſtrongeſt man is he, that's beſt belou'd,
What you may do to learne, do not requeſt,
But ſtriue to know what will become you beſt:
Your places are both great and worthy, and
Vnfit for thoſe that doe not vnderſtand,

Your

Taylors Epiſtle.

Your City's free and ancient, and may boaſt
Of better Lawes then thoſe that glory moſt,
Your orders and proceedings, all are ſuch,
I know no City that may ſpeake ſo much
Of her owne prayſe ſo iuſtly; there's not any,
Hath had ſo worthy gouernours, ſo many
So generous, ſtill may faire *Cheſter* bee,
Bleſt with ſuch heads, that true proſperity,
And peace, and plenty in your wals may dwell,
And that your charge you may diſcharge as well,
As *Dauids* worthies did in *Iſraell*,
Iacobs good God protect and keepe you ſtill,
And make you Citizens on faire Syon Hill.

FINIS.

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